

April and Mike. They always had a little grin of pity for the poor fatherless children. They were also disgusted by their imperfect lifestyle. Mike would say what new 90 parish (75 dollars) little Nasa type suits are arriving. Her mother, Nonara, would walk around the house touching the furniture, the antique paintings that cost thousands of parishes, the irises imported from Earth. Luna was hurt by her mother's greed of the highest caste. Airbase 8 was the most beautiful, with Locca trees and lillies-of-the-valley.

When Nonara came home she was in an irritable mood. She felt scared of planes ever since her husband DIED. She felt scared that she might fall. Nonara took the Space Bus home from Airbase 14 to 7. She was so tired when she entered the door. Her tiredness ended when she remembered their appointment with April.

"How was school today?" Her mother asked disinterestedly, putting on her wrap-around shoes.

"Same as usual."

\*\*\*\*\*

What was usual? SCHOOL. They all smiled at her. Why aren't you wearing your clothes? Your acceptable clothes? Why don't you ever go home by airplane? Why don't you know the "Praise to Evanston" cheer for the creator of Airbases? Why are you afraid when it's dark and you go through the tunnel? You scream. God, she hated Airbases!

\*\*\*\*\*

Airbases were so organized. Airbase 6 was the shopping center. The president of the Airbases Unit could proudly say no unemployment. Everything was perfect then. They were the highest in the classes of humans. Then there was Earth. God, isn't that ironic? They all wanted to live on Earth but it was a lower class of humans than the Skyfliers. It gave them a sense of power to think that.

April and Mike and their little son named Ed, a spoiled rich little brat, met them in front of their luxuriously rich house.

"Hi, April." Nonara looked at her beautiful younger sister hesitantly. April had the same look on her face as the killers. Empty and perfect and wealthy.

"Love your outfit." Her face had a fake grin on it. Below her smiling blue eyes a killer soul? She was always the younger and favored sister. She was awful. Just like her Perry Blue nails, dress suit, and styrofoam shoes. Even her straight blond hair had a little perry streak running through it.

Michael was in Swush clothes. He was a real Airbase man with oddly separated eyes and a large booming voice.

"Let's not go to the Garden, sweety," said April. "Let's go to that little Earthian restaurant. The one with lace tablecloths?"

Michael nodded. "I hate those Underseans anyway. They deserve to drown," he growled. Luna remembered her mother saying humans hated things they didn't understand. Her mother was a social worker. She had a few wealthy Under-grounds (untouchables) and Underseans. She occasionally told stories about how fellow workers washed after shaking hands with lower forms. Luna thought with a smile April was a lower form.

"Let's go on a plane." April hailed one. She and her family slipped in. April took off her shoes and began making herself comfortable. Her toenails were perry and carefully pedicured.

Nonara felt herself vacuumed into the plane. She sat listening to April tormenting the driver. "Go on magnifi-cent brain. Move!" In a confidential sort of way she turned to Luna. "I should have brought the Mercedes Super Air."

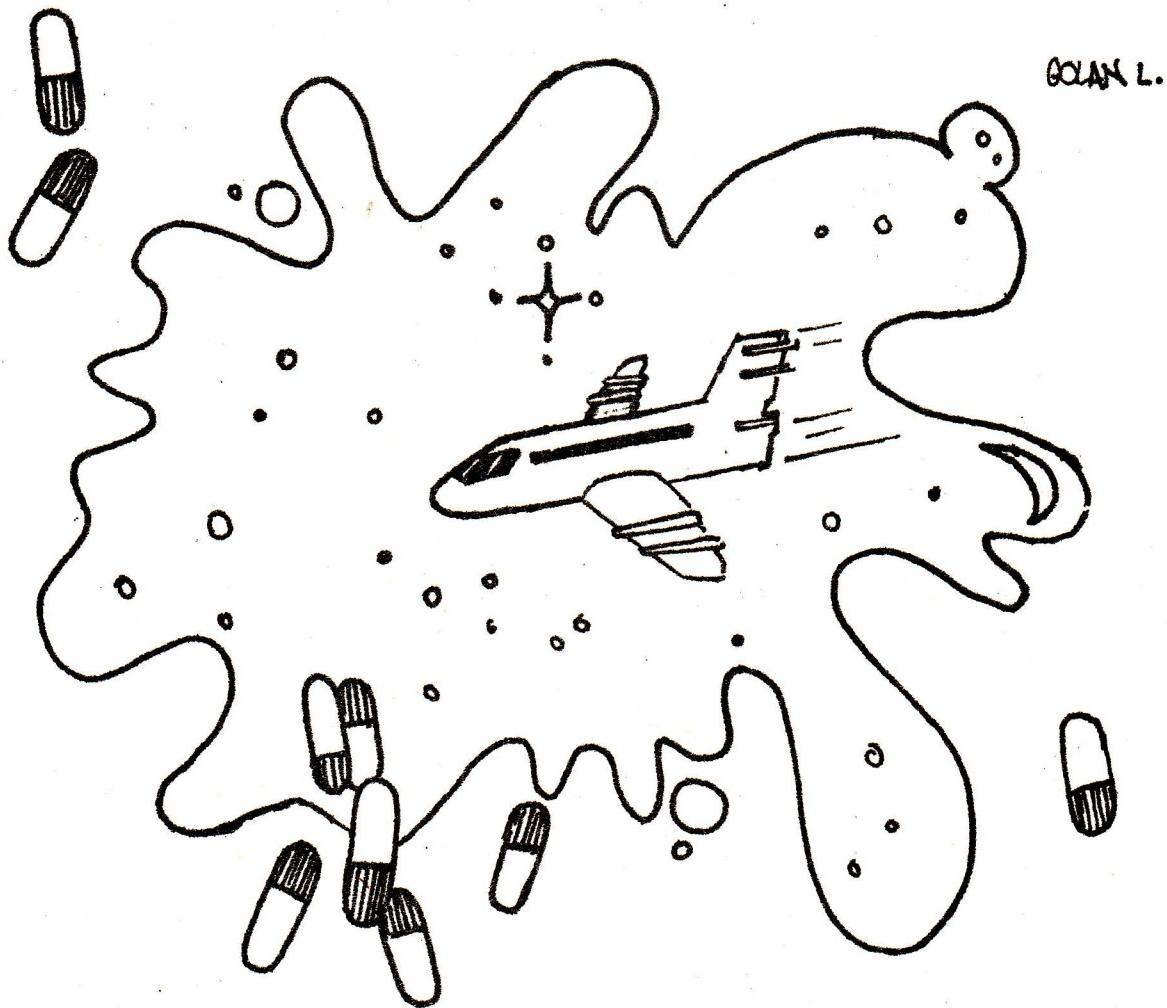
Nonara was frightened of the movement. She and Marissa sat trying not to confront their fears--that they would be killed by the killers. Luna had zonked out on her sedatives that she always carried in her pocket.

The restaurant was antique style and they ordered an abundant supply of meat and pastas. Nonara was shocked by the impending bill. April and Mike breezed through the money. Nonara admired their easiness.

Marissa would always be afraid the sky would just let them go. It was all Clancy's fault for saying goodbye to them. They might still be normal now if....

\*\*\*\*\*

Luna fell asleep quickly. She dreamed she was staring out of a glass palace that was really the Airbase 7, and



jumping out, breaking the glass. She was falling forever. It was starry. Beautiful and starry. She was awakened by a scream. "We're dying and falling."

There was a falling feeling. The emergency planes were out. She was in a haze. Her mother and her sister Marissa climbed into the airplanes. All the planes weren't working. A scientific wonder, huh? The planes didn't even work when everyone was dying.

She was trying to remember any happy moments in her life and couldn't. She tried to make her legs move. They wouldn't. Maybe this was her only chance of breaking out. Her only choice in a perfect world....

She felt a cold splash of water.

# PUB SHOP

By Daisy Colchie

"Marko's asleep on the off-set press."  
"Has he been here all night?"  
"Oh, no--. John's putting on his cassette--turn on WBBC quick!"  
"Anyone free to do a run?"  
"I have to...uhh...I have a rehearsal."  
"I'm brainstorming!"  
"Where am I?"  
"Caroline! Is this in blue or red ink? Will somebody go ask her?"  
"We need to make up a skit for talent night."  
"She says both."  
"Who turned off the radio?"  
"Which one first?"  
"John! That music is awful! Would you--"  
"It's not me! Richard's singing again!"  
"Red is first. We need a slipsheeter!"  
"Okay, so it's decided. We won't do a skit."  
"Daisy! Stop throwing slipsheets at Boris!"  
"We need someone to make up an announcement."  
"Bry-yan!!"  
"Do NOT use the word 'desperate.' We are NOT desperate!  
Christ!"  
chuggachugga foom chuggafoom chugga chugga chug FOOM!  
"Laura! I think the fax died."  
"Stop throwing paper!"  
"Bea, would you proof this?"  
"I'm not throwing paper! The gestetner's throwing paper."  
"Okay, everybody out. We're having a meeting for the yearbook cover!"  
"But what about my run?"  
"It's raining out. Everybody in!"  
"Now I'm going to hold up all the designs. Only two votes per person."  
"Yuck!"  
"Corn-ball!"  
"You guys...I have some ideas here for the..."  
"You're too late, Nora."  
"We could sort of have something like this where..."  
"NORA! We already--"  
"Or like this one where you've got two people."

"NORA!!!"  
"I kind of like that idea."  
"Me too."  
"You guys! We're doing the final vote. Only one vote per person."  
"Sharon! Put your hand down."  
"Care to discuss it?"  
"Daisy! Stop throwing pencils at Boris!"  
"One two three four five six seven eight--Nora's wins!"  
"Yeahhh!"  
"Oh no--it's a silkscreener--man your stations!"  
"SPLAT!"  
"Daisy! Stop stepping on Boris!"  
"Now listen carefully. You set up the feedboard and then you pull this lever--"  
"I know. Like this."  
"No! No! STOP!"  
"You look funny with paper on your head."  
"Stop! Listen, I'll be back in a minute, but don't run the machines without a counselor around. Understand?"  
"Uh-huh."  
"Okay, I'm back. Holy Sh--"  
"Help! They're all upside down!"  
"Stop yelling!!!"  
"What's that moving mass of ink on the floor? Bobby! I have told you again and again that you can't reprimand campers that way."  
"I'm sorry, Bob, but I--"  
"I'll let it go for this time, but this is your last warning."  
"Hi guys. How was the meeting?"  
"What meeting?"  
"Amy, if you keep strangling Sharon like that she might die."  
"Oh."  
"Let's go, guys, I'm locking up now."  
"One sec, Bobby, lemme finish this...Bobby?...Bobby!!"  
"Help!"

## *"Why?"*

Why was I born?

"Because you had no choice but to be born."

Why am I half white and half black?

"That's easy, your mom is white and your dad is...well...you know."

Why do I have a birthmark?

"You were born with it, dumb-dumb! You know, birth mark."

Why do I have seizures?

"You were also born with those, too, and no one, not even I can answer that."

## *"Who?"*

Who named me, mom or dad...or both?

"Mommy and Daddy."

Who do I love?

"Naming one, yourself."

Who loves me?

"Your whole family and your friends."

Who can I trust?

"You can trust yourself the best, and most of all...your mother."

## *"What?"*

What can I do right?

"Well, for one, you can ask a lot of questions right."

What is really good for me?

"Having friends. You need friends."

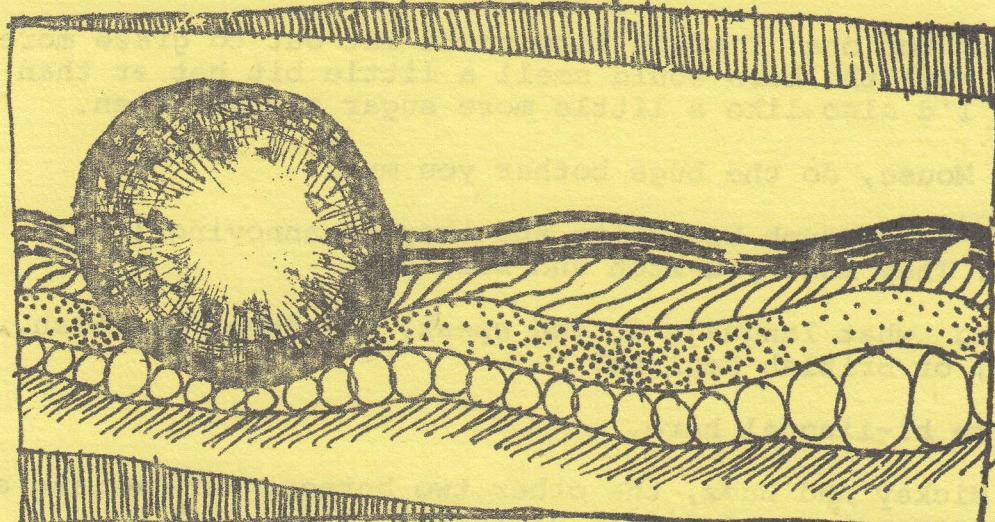
What is wrong with me?  
"Not one thing! You're funny."

What thing or person cares about me?  
"Your cat cares about you and so do you!"

What is so great about being born?  
"Well, if you weren't born, you wouldn't see nature and you  
love nature! Do you not?"  
Well...yeah.

Thank you. If I ever feel this low again I will talk to  
you.  
"Good! Remember, I love you. Because you are me!"

by Simone Williams



DANIELLE GOODMAN '84

## About the Stables

by Debbie Solomon

During one July evening this summer, Captain Sensible, one of the horses at the Buck's Rock stables, kicked out the stall he was in and meandered over to the Hilton. Jane Howarth, a riding counselor, found him standing at the Hilton in the morning casually eating his customary breakfast of grass. Jane took him back to the stables.

All our hard-working horses were now safe and sound, but I thought that I had better go interview them in case any of the others had complaints they could talk about instead of acting out as Captain Sensible had done.

### Interview with the Horses

--Captain Sensible, how does it feel to have a tight girth?

--Well, it doesn't hurt, but it's not too pleasant.

--Billy Jean, does it bother you to go out for a lesson on an extremely hot day?

--Yes, when those campers always insist on taking me out every day, and when I'm out there in 90 degree weather, I get impatient and hot!

--Boy George, would you like your accommodations (surroundings) changed?

--Well, for one, I would like to be let out to graze more, and I wish the barn would smell a little bit better than now! I'd also like a little more sugar now and then.

--Mr. Mouse, do the bugs bother you much?

--Yes, those dumb bugs bite and they're annoying little pests. They make you itch and scratch.

--Sting, what language do you speak, American, Scottish, Irish, or British English?

--We're bi-lingual here.

Mickey and Buzz, the other two horses, were taking an afternoon nap, so I didn't disturb them.

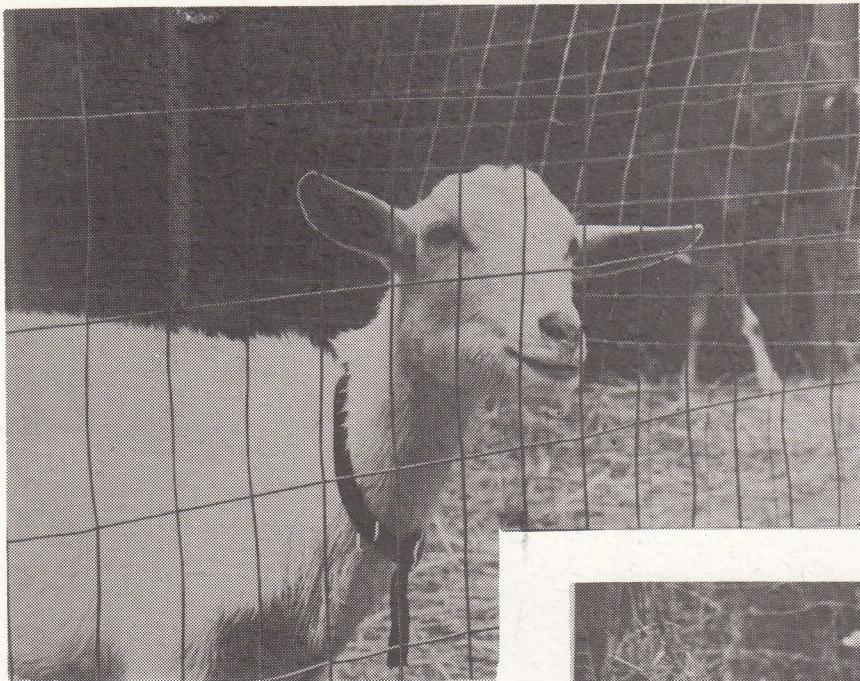


Photo by Chris Dicke

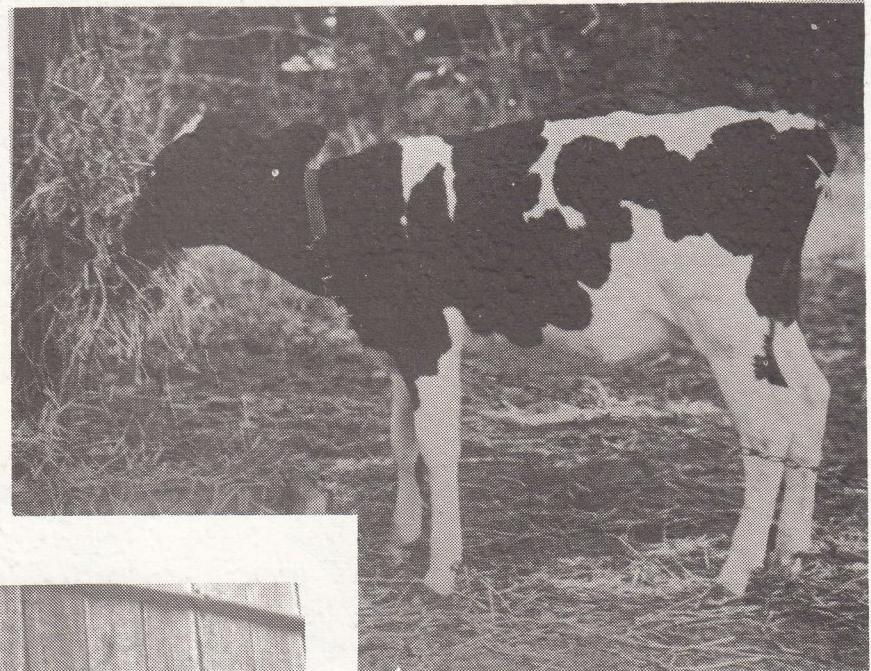
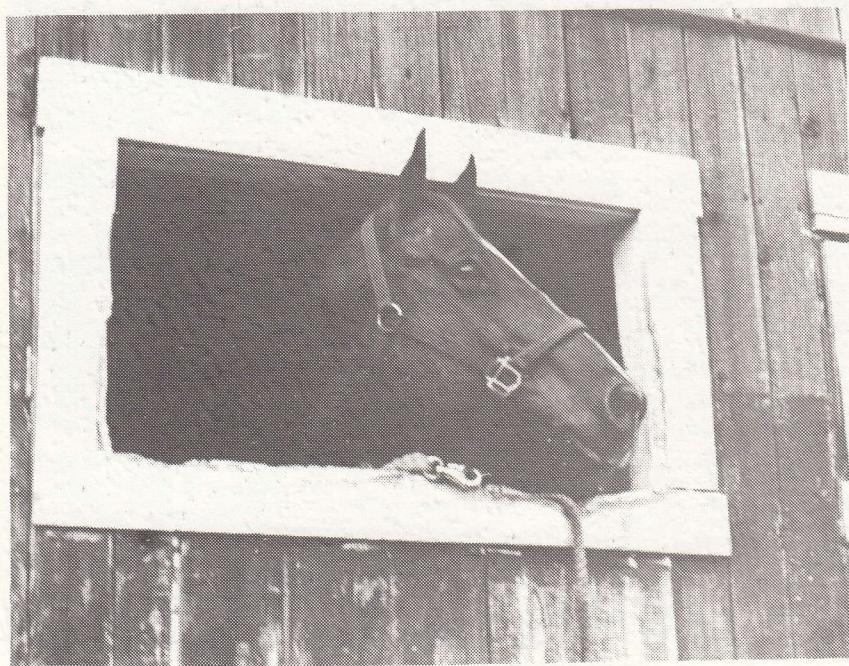
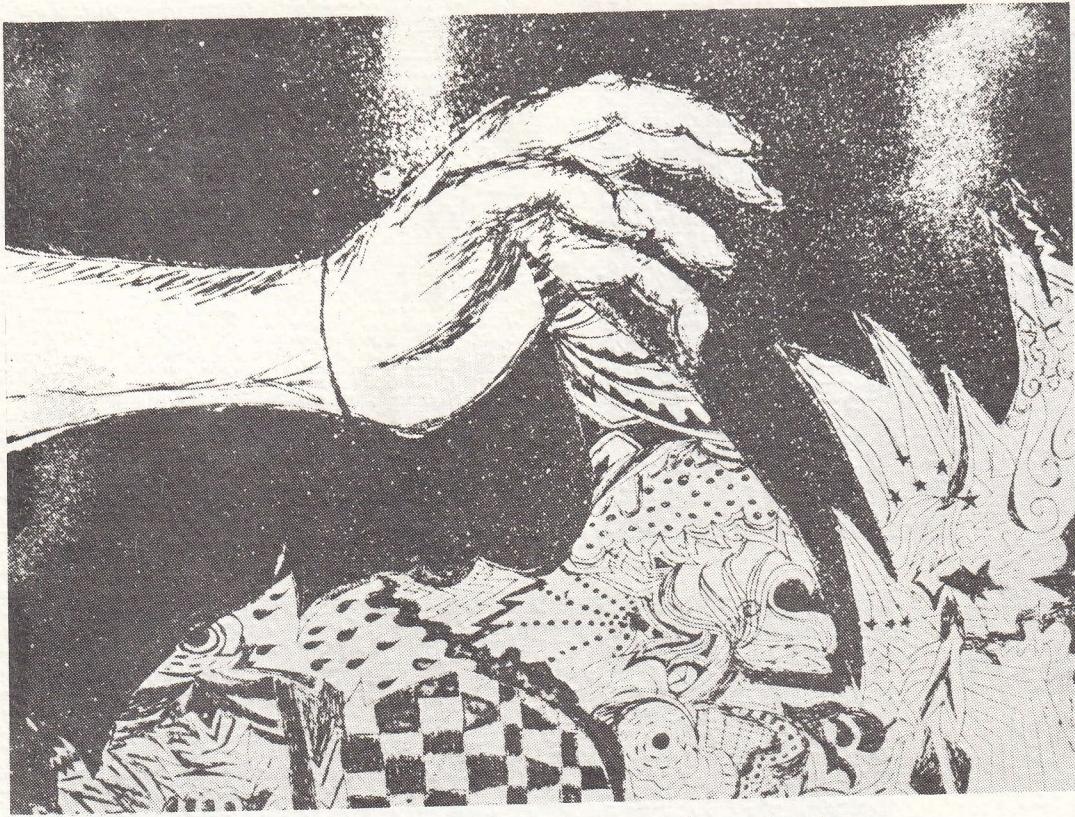


Photo by James Levine





Debbie Eisenstadt "Magic" - Aquatint.

ART



Zack Schrag "The Stables" - Woodcut.

## The Midas Touch

She dreamt of the Midas touch:  
everything she touched turned to dust.  
Maturity is realizing that  
it is not diamonds that glitter  
in the city sidewalks  
when the sun shines.  
Maturity is knowing that  
the moon does not follow me  
on night journeys,  
through the car window.  
We lose our illusions as we grow up.  
Diamonds and the moon turn to dust.  
The dreamer wakes  
and another child dies.

Zachery Piederman

# THE PRICE OF GREED

by Nicholas Kaufmann

In 2040, the moon was discovered to have a large amount of gold and other precious metals buried deep beneath her surface. These resources were needed desperately by the population of Earth. In 2048, an entire mining expedition landed on the moon, ready to begin the mining.

Colonel Wynning maneuvered the craft over the surface of Luna. He headed for the entrance to the main mines. He had left the mother ship forty miles behind by the time he reached the sealed entrance.

He exited the craft, hopping in the low gravity of the moon. His suit protected him thoroughly.

The entrance was a loud slab of smooth metal that sealed the inside. This enabled a controlled atmosphere to be applied.

He punched in the correct code. 677-824-119-8. A red light turned on, and the slab swung open. Wynning bounded in, and the slab closed again. The light turned normal.

He took off the bulky suit and placed it in the cabinet. Then he walked through the next pair of doors, and into the large reception room.

"G'day, Colonel," said the Private at the desk. "Ready to sign in?"

Wynning signed in hurriedly. Then he entered the first cavern of the mines. He scanned it thoroughly. He had to know every detail...

He approached another door. This was the door that led into the main mines. If his information was correct, it could be locked only from the outside...

Wynning opened the door and entered. The mines were huge, with hundreds of workers. There were various cabinets near the entrance. Most contained proto-pills, on which the miners fed during their breaks. The others held clothes and tools. Good...

Gold.

He left the mines. He signed out at the desk.

"Leaving so soon? That was a short inspection."

"Yes," Wynning answered. "Well, the mines are in top condition."

"Thank you, sir," the Private replied. "The next shipment of gold will be in two days."

Wynning stiffened momentarily. Gold... Then he came to his senses. He'd better not act suspicious, or they might catch on.

"Good work," was all he said, and then he left. He donned the space suit and went to the craft. Then he returned to the mother ship.

He was restless all night.  
Gold. Gold. Gold...  
How rich he'd be!

The blaster felt cold against the palm of his hand as he entered the reception room the next day. The Private was surprised to see him.

"I thought--"

Wyning cut him off with a laser blast to the chest. The Private fell, scorched and bleeding, to the floor. Wyning smiled and walked into the mines.

He opened the door that led into the main mines. Some people saw him and smiled at him. Then he pressed the button. The huge door began to swing closed.

"What the--!" exclaimed a miner, close to the door. He rushed at Wyning, who was on the outside of the closing door.

Wyning leveled the blaster and shot the miner. The lasers cut through the miner's skull, revealing the hemorrhaged brain. The miner fell.

The other miners ran at Wyning. The door was nearly closed now.

"Wyning, you bastard!" one cried. He was closest to the closing door. He reached out for Wyning...

And the door slammed shut. The miner's severed arm fell at Wyning's feet. He just smiled at it. Then he pressed the lock, so they couldn't get out.

Wyning returned to the craft outside the mines. He drove to the mother ship. He was the only one left alive now. He had killed everyone at the mines and at the mother ship. He had rations enough to survive. He boarded the shuttle attached to the mother ship and took off for Earth.

A year passed. By now, Wyning thought as he approached the mines in the craft, all the people in the mines must have died of starvation. It was safe to return now and collect all the gold they had mined. He would be rich. Filthy rich. The richest man on Earth!

The body of the Private was still lying face-down on the floor. Wyning stepped over him and proceeded to the locked door. He de-activated the lock, and the door swung open. He entered, accidentally tripping on the severed arm. He regained his balance and walked in all the way.

Bodies fell onto him, knocking him to the ground. He reached for his blaster and shot one, but another kicked it from his hands. The miners...!

"You can't still be alive!" Wyning screamed. "I left you for a year!"

The ragged men crowded around him.

"We fed," proclaimed one. Wyning noticed that it was the miner whose arm had been severed. The stump was dirty and infected.

"I don't understand," Wyning began.

"The proto-pills," continued the one-armed miner. "We fed on them."

"But they couldn't have lasted a whole year!"

"They didn't," said another miner.

Wyning was silent.

"People started dying off," continued yet another miner. "We ate them."

Wyning was shocked. He glanced over and saw the bodies of many miners, half-eaten, and knew it was true.

"We found the taste of human flesh...unappetizing at first," said the one-armed one. "But we grew used to it." We fed on it for ten months. Then we found the taste of human flesh better than any we had ever tasted."

Wyning nearly threw up. "My God...!"

The miners crowded around him, grabbing him and hauling him up from the floor.

"But we can't feed on anyone unless they're dead," a miner said. That miner picked up Wyning's blaster and leveled it at the Colonel's head.

"You meant to kill us and take the gold," said the one-armed miner. "Now the tables have been turned."

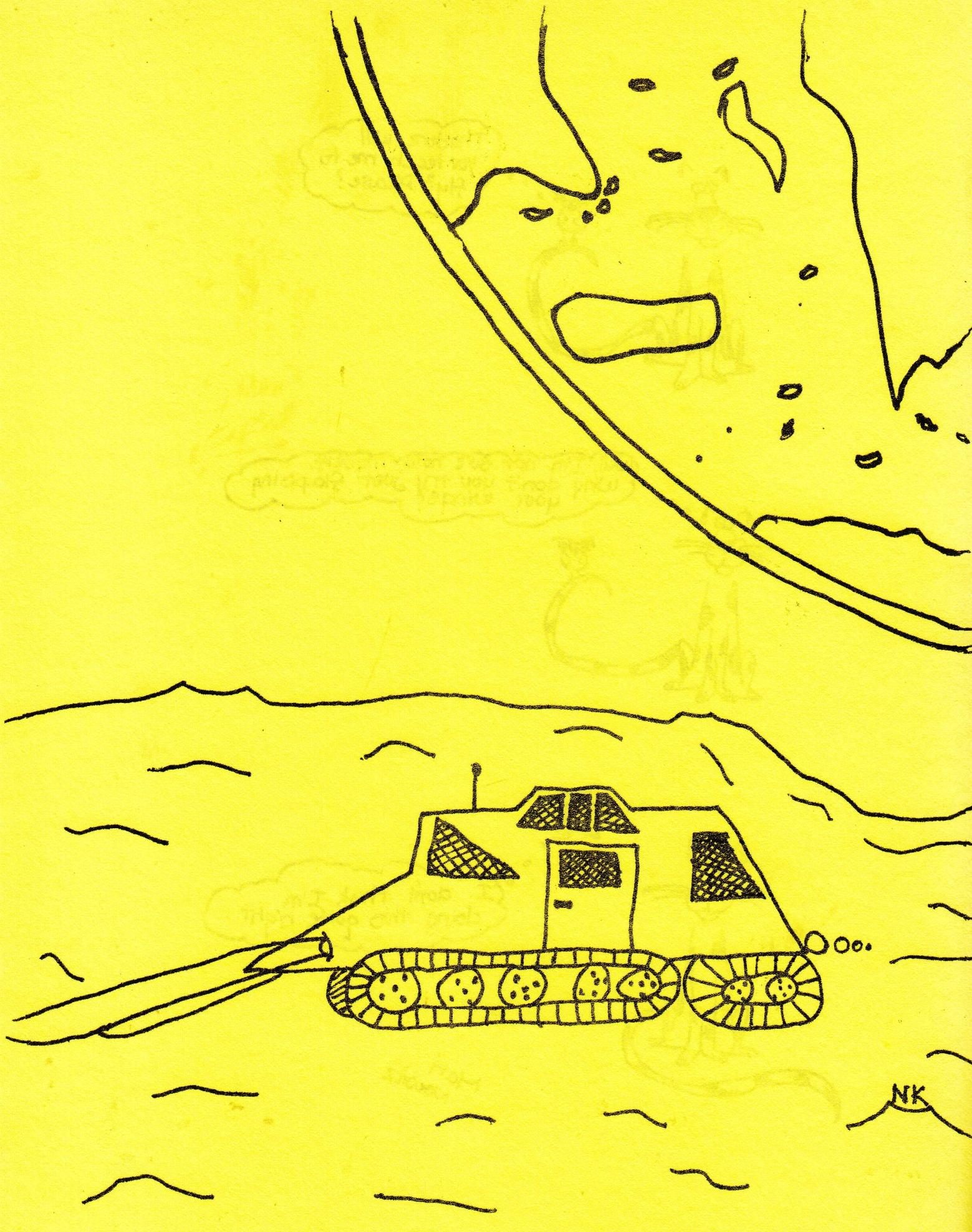
"No!" Wyning cried desperately. "You don't understand! I--"

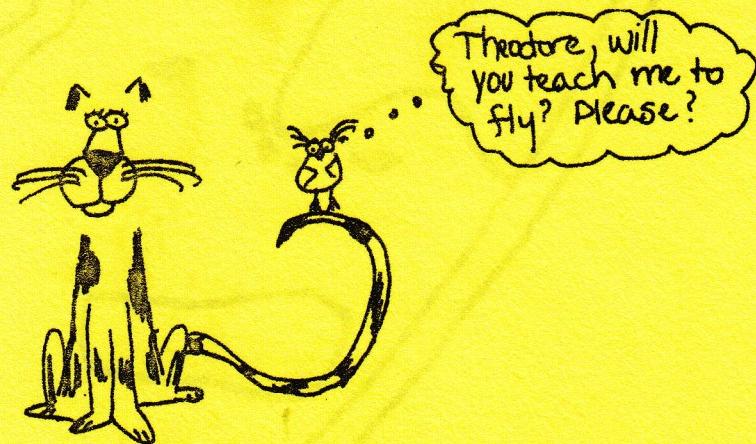
Wyning was cut off, much like the Private was, by the blaster going off. The miners fed themselves on Wyning's body and then left the mines.

There were only twenty of them, so they managed to stuff themselves into Wyning's craft. They went back to the mother ship. They found the shuttle and took off for Earth.

In 2060, surviving miners from the Luna IV expedition returned. They told their unbelievable story, and it was taken as just that. Unbelievable.

In 2061, the human race reverted to cannibalism.





## *The Guitar Workshop*

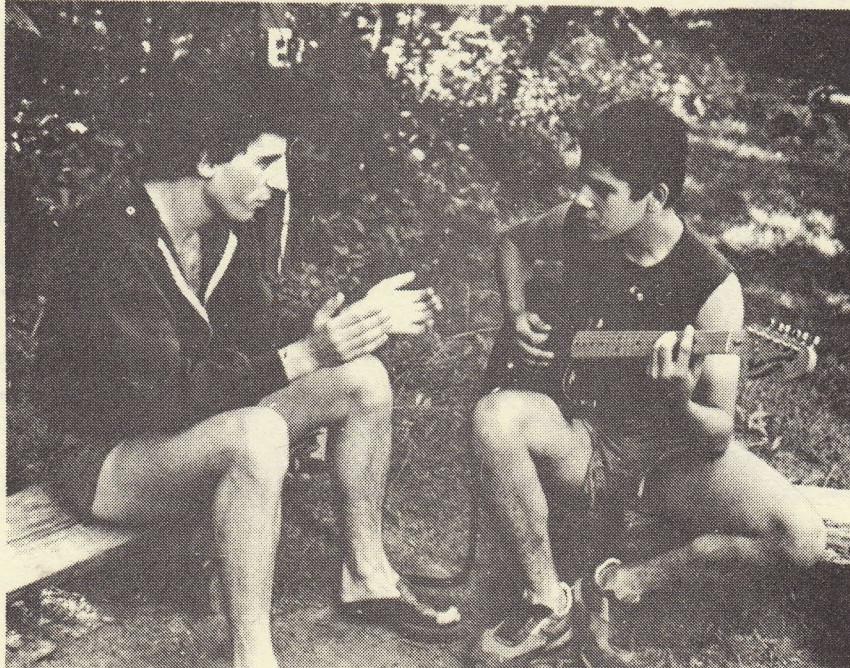
"Well she's walking  
through the clouds  
with a circus smile  
that's going wild  
Butterflies and zebras  
moochbeams  
and fairy tales (that's all she ever thinks about)  
Running with the wind."

--Jimi Hendrix

### Guitar Workshop

Lenny	Dan
Neil	Steve (Fargo)
Tom	

We give the gift of music  
You know it  
We love it



Lennie Epshtain and James Wolf  
Photo by Brian Gross

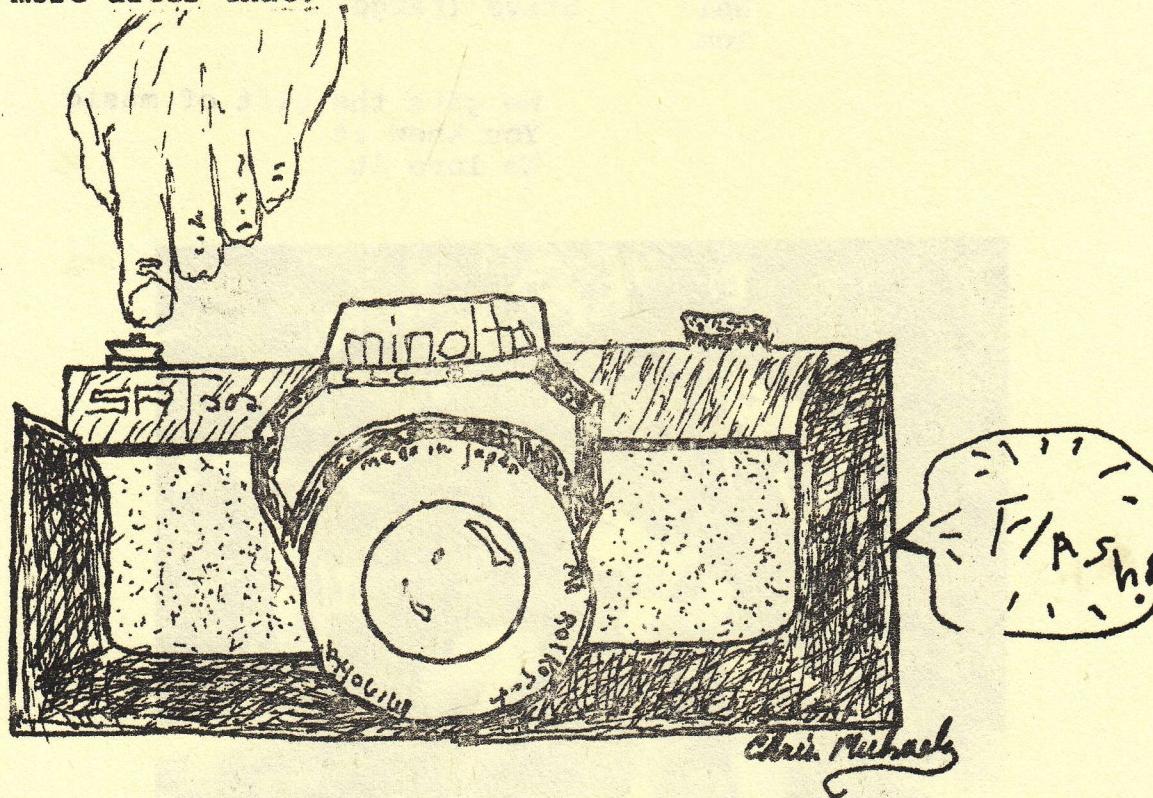
## PHOTO LAB by David Danzig

The photo lab was a wonderful place to be this year. My first day at the shop, I borrowed a new camp camera. Gordon showed me how it operated and explained to me the basic principles of taking a picture.

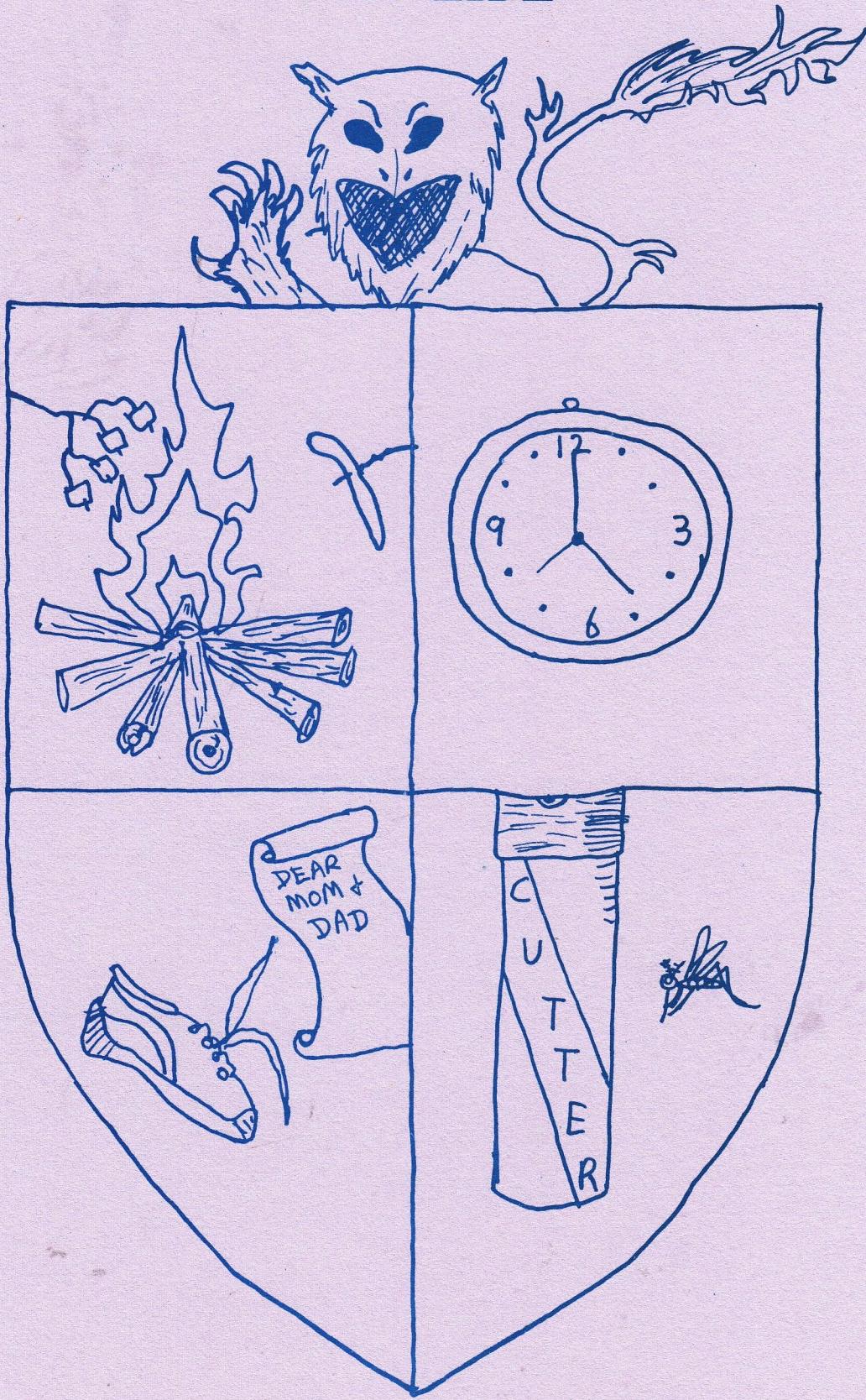
The education given there by the staff was first rate. I was transformed from a camper who knew nothing about photography to a very good photographer.

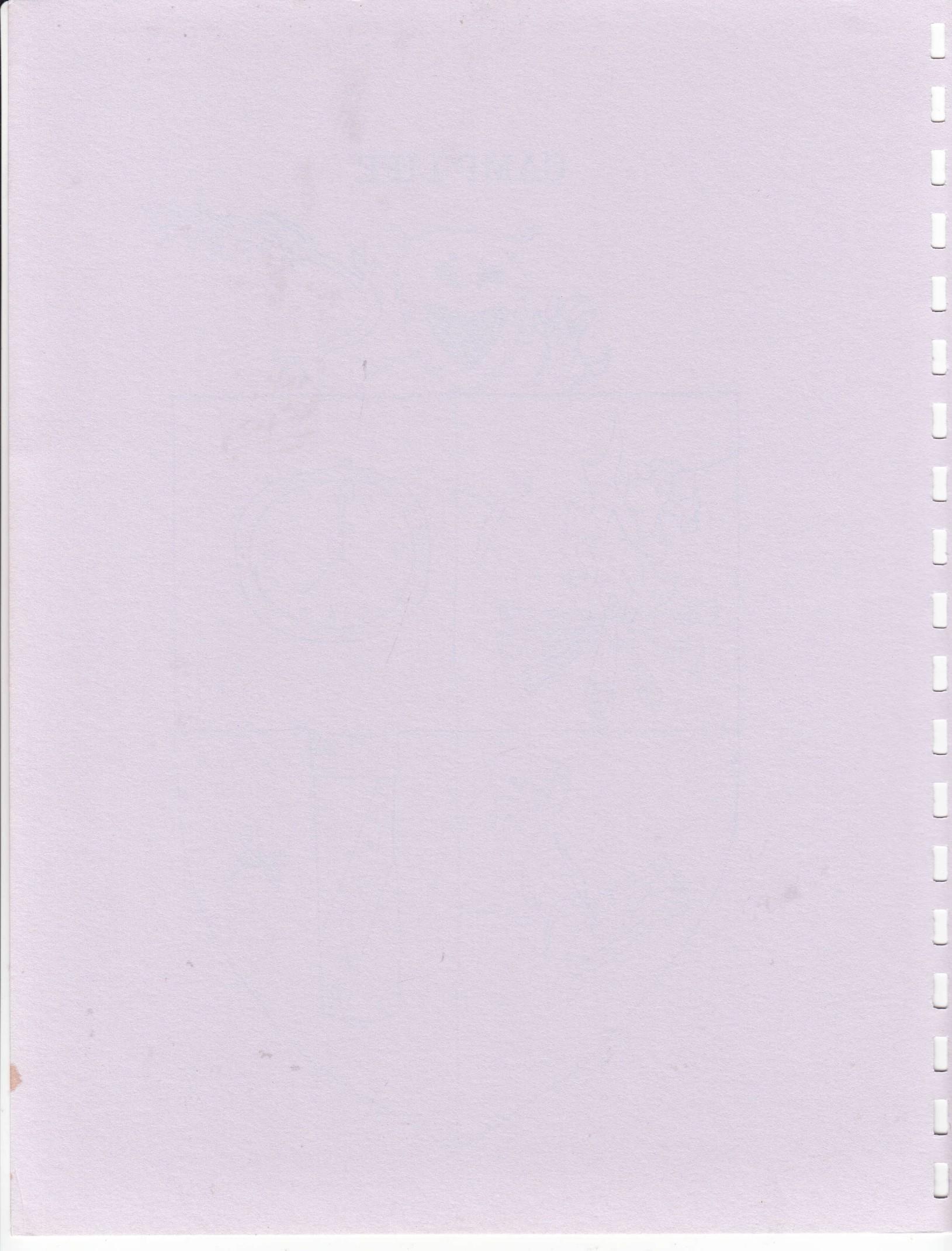
That afternoon, I came back and found Christel teaching someone how to develop their negatives. It was a dull process, but very amazing results came from it. She told me I had perfect negatives. I was very excited but was told the negatives would have to dry. I went away awaiting the time when I could make my prints.

The next morning, I was at the shop at 8:40. Maurice arrived and showed me how to print my pictures. The glory of having that picture made my day... and many more after that.



# CAMP LIFE





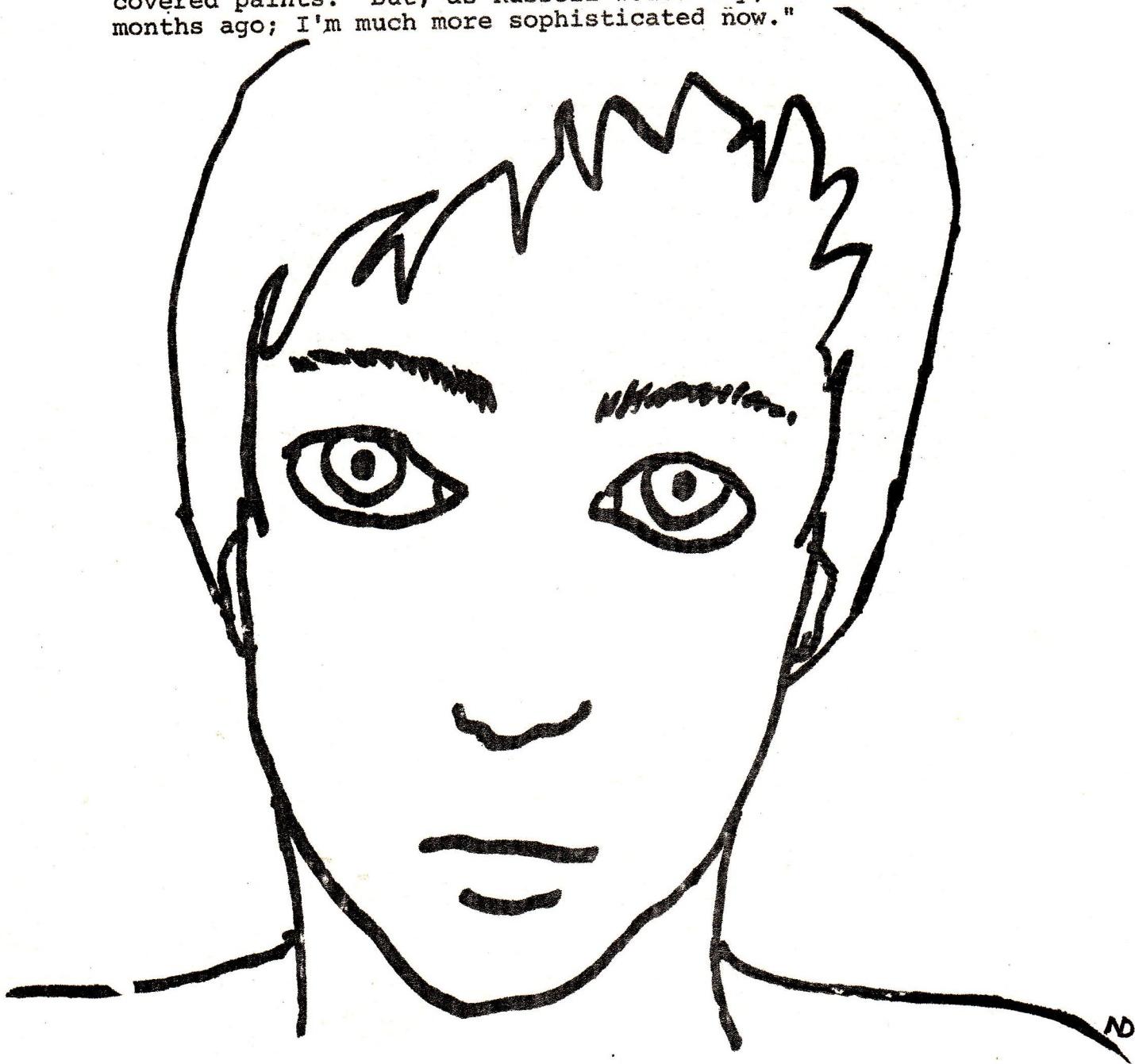
## GROUP POEM II

Such a warm and comfortable day smiles  
are the landscape or the landscape is smiling  
The sun was smiling, but his grin was soon  
wiped off by the murtled cloud  
And the water shone, and gleamed as the waves  
gently rocked and broke against the rocks.  
A person sitting on the sand, carefully  
brushed it off his bathing suit  
He picked it up and diluted it with water  
and put it on the altar  
Then he proceeded to jump up and down yelling,  
"Oompah, glory, sprindak!" for no apparent reason  
--He has these strange fits sometimes, you know  
But only after eating spinach.  
But not mushroom soup  
Because it reminded her of her dead tuna fish  
And as everyone knows, the only good tuna is a dead tuna,  
and the only good-tasting tuna is Starkist.  
She liked goldfish a lot  
in college, to get into a sorority she acquired quite a  
taste for them

# LONG DISTANCE CALL

by Michael Volchok

Russell Genth was five years old, a small boy with straight brown hair. He was very mischievous. He had just reached the age where he wanted to know how everything worked. He had started with a crayon nearly four months ago. After learning how to use it, he wanted to learn certain facts about its use. First, he learned how long it took to use up one green crayon on one white wall. He then learned how long a line one red crayon could draw on a city street. Then, much to the dismay of his parents, he discovered paints. But, as Russell would say, "That was four months ago; I'm much more sophisticated now."



Today, after much badgering from Russell, his parents were ready to teach him about the telephone.

"Russell, it's really very simple. You pick up the receiver; then you dial the number of the other person. We will call Grandma."

As his father spoke, Russell put on what his father called "the glaze." Russell watched without looking; he did that whenever he felt that his parents were speaking over his head or when he simply didn't care enough to listen. He had asked to learn about the telephone, but now that he had gotten what he asked for, it was no longer important.

"Listen, Russell," continued his father.

"Hello," came a high-toned quiet voice.

"Grandma?" Now that Russell knew how it worked, he was fascinated.

"Russell, is that you? Are you calling me all by yourself?" She had been forewarned about this call.

"Yes, Grandma, it's me!" He was beaming with pride. He had conquered the telephone.

Two hours, thought Russell. What can a person do in a room for two hours? After twenty minutes, a room is all used up and boring.

Russell had been sitting in their living room waiting for his mother to leave.

Finally, thought Russell, as he watched his mother stand, turn, and leave.

Imagine, thought Russell, she just got up and left without even telling me where she was going. Anyway, now it's time to test the phone.

First, I'll call grumpy Mrs. Graus next door.

"Hello," crackled an angry voice.

"Grumpy Mrs. Graus, graus, graus, graus, all you do is sit around the house, house, house," recited Russell.

"Go away!" shouted Mrs. Graus. She hung up.

Russell was on the floor laughing at his poem. When he recovered, he stood to make his long call. He dialed information.

"Can I have the number of a McDonald's in Peking, China?"

"Anyone?"

"Thank you."

His father had foolishly shown him how to dial information.

He dialed. "Can I have two hamburgers to go?" The response was gibberish to him and struck him as quite funny.

Now Russell made the most important decision of his life.

"I'll call myself!" exclaimed Russell. He was very excited as he always was when he thought of a new experiment.

He dialed his own number. There was no ringing, no busy signal. Instead, he was immediately answered by a voice that sounded almost exactly like Russell's except that it was slightly deeper.

"Get out of the house," said the voice.

"Who is this?" asked Russell.

"Get out quickly or else..."

"Why?" Russell was afraid he had done something wrong. He looked around to see if anyone was watching; then he hung up.

"Dad!" called Russell as he came running into his father's study. His father looked up from his papers to meet his son's eager stare.

"Have you ever called yourself on the telephone?"

"Russell," said Mr. Genth, obviously slightly annoyed, "have you been experimenting again?"

"Well...yes," replied Russell, slowing down a little due to guilt. "But have you ever done it?" he spoke up again.

"Of course, Russell, everyone has at one time or another, but all you get is a busy signal."

"But, Dad, someone answered and he sa-..."

"Russell, enough. I have to finish this."

Russell knew it was hopeless.

When Russell first sat in the living room with his coloring book (he had finally learned the proper use of crayons), he had no intention of trying the phone again. Two forces were fighting inside of him: fear and curiosity. But as time passed curiosity began to win, to grow stronger, while fear began to diminish. He began, ever so often, to glance at the phone, but then immediately returned to coloring. Then, more and more often, he would look, for longer periods of time. Finally, he checked outside the door for spying parents, then he picked up the phone.

He dialed 796-0689. The same voice replied, "Get out quickly; there isn't much time."

"Why?" asked Russell.

"Don't question. Now go!"

"Dad!" shouted Russell. "It happened again, the voice on the phone, it happened again!"

"Russell, please, calm down. I have to finish these papers."

"But, Dad--"

"Russell," said his father sternly, "I always am here when you need me, and I play with you whenever I can, but I have to do my work just as you have to go to school."

Although Russell could not see dead ends coming, he knew when he had reached one. A new approach, thought Russell, is now necessary.

"Dad, remember once you promised me that one day, once, I could ask for whatever I wanted. You said I should use my request wisely. So I saved it. Now I'm asking. Will you and mom take a walk with me, now?"

"Russell, I really--" Wait, thought his father. His mind was taken back, far from the present, back to his childhood when he stood before his father asking his father to play with him, but he never could. He always had to work, he was too busy...too busy...too busy.... "Sure, Russell, let's get mom."

Russell and his parents stepped out to walk leading to the street. They went onto the street, then walked down to the corner. As they reached the corner, there was a massive explosion. Russell's house collapsed into a burning inferno.

Russell called himself again the next day. The line was busy.



Hairy pants

The casket  
carried by four pallbearers.  
Each is carrying more on their shoulders  
than the small child's coffin in their arms.

One is the father.  
The burden he feels is leaving the child at the age of two  
and not being there for the child's short childhood.

One is the stepfather  
who feels the burden of ignoring the child of his  
wife's first marriage.

One is the lover  
of that wife who locked the child in its room  
and didn't come when it screamed and when it was silent.

One is only a friend.

All feel sorry  
for the child's shortened childhood.  
They feel sorry too late.

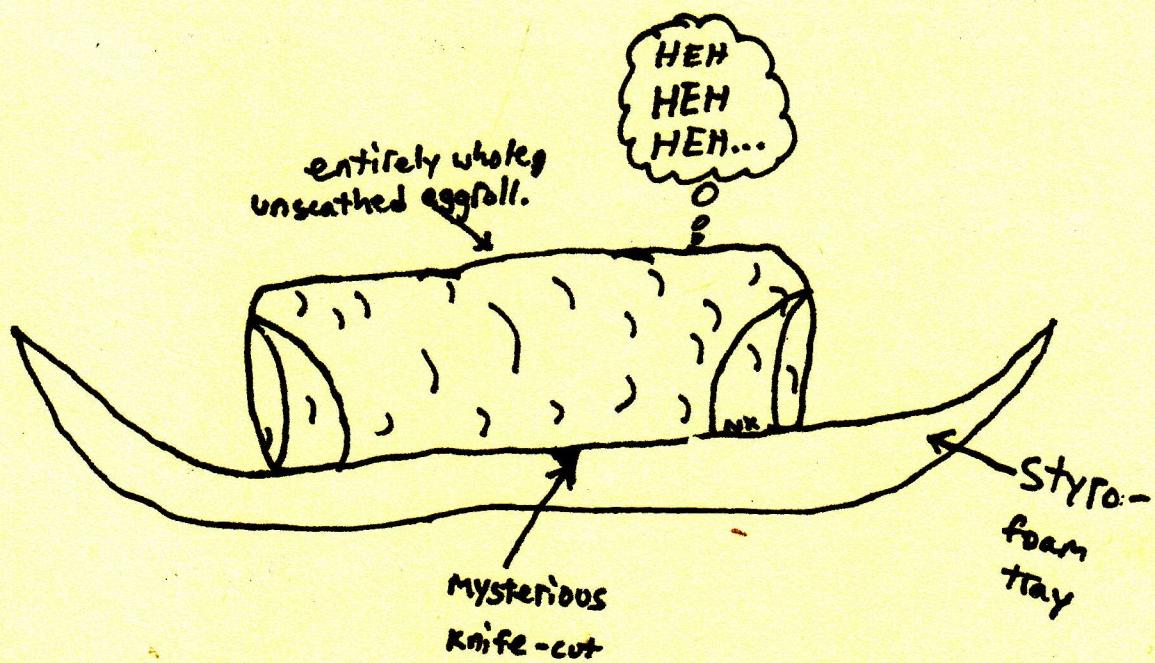
Kathy Fradkin

# LUNCH

by Nicky Kaufmann

I can't understand it.

My plastic knife has cut through the styrofoam tray  
beneath it, but it hasn't cut through the eggroll yet.



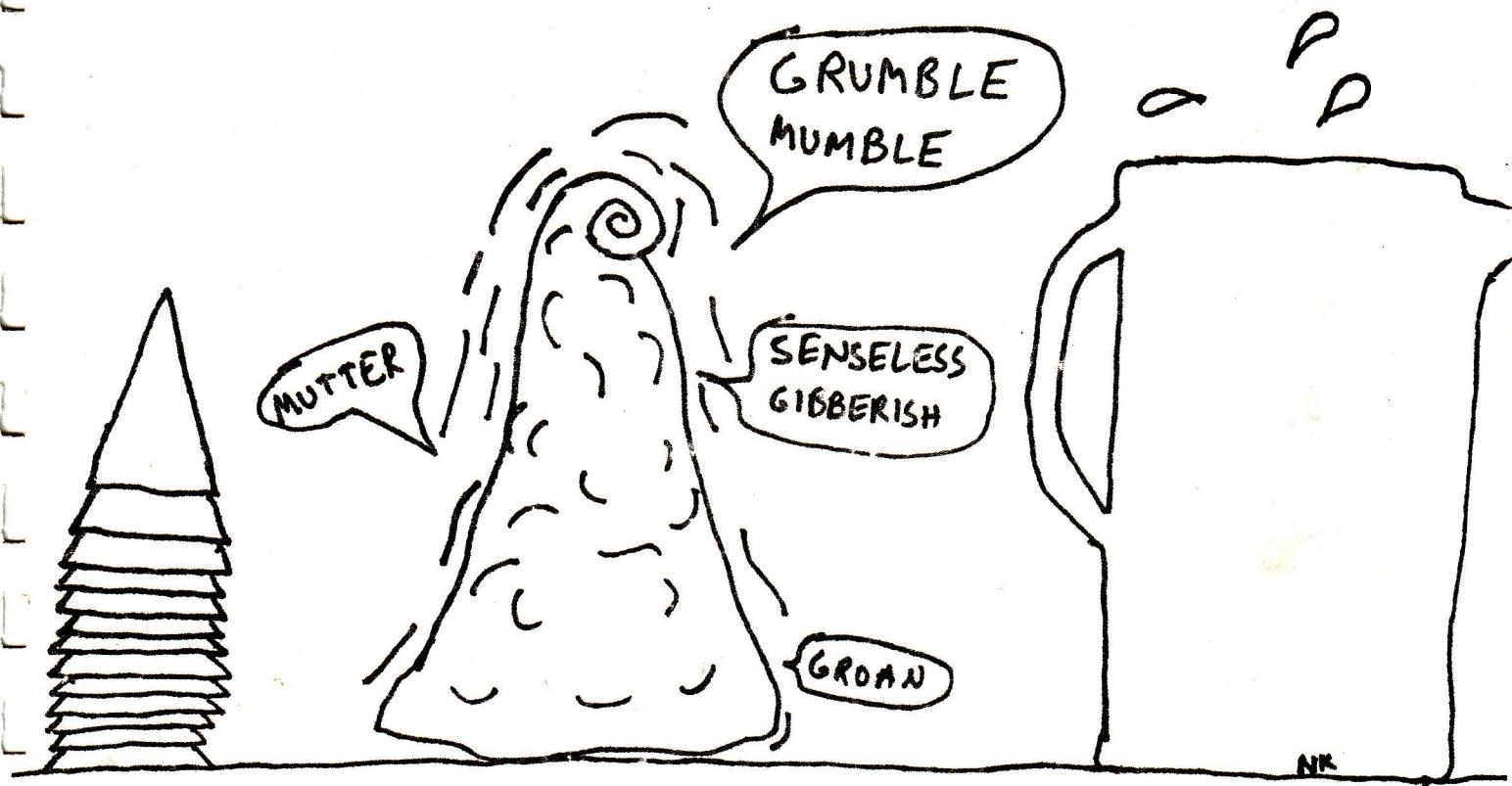
# SNACK

by Nicholas Kaufmann

He approached the ominous brown paper bag cautiously. His hand was shaking with anxiety as he reached out to it. He slowly lifted it open.

"AAAAAAAAGGGHH!" he screamed, recoiling.  
"What's the matter?" the counselors cried, running over.

"No chocolate chip cookies," he explained in disgust.



# Life in the Boys Annex

by Jimmy Frank

I can only tell you a lot about one-half of the Boys Annex but with two rooms of four and one room of six there is a lot to say. There are also the bathrooms and the counselors to discuss.

First the bathrooms. There is only one good time to take a shower and that is right after they clean the floor. If you wait too long after it is cleaned there will be mud all over it. It is also good to pick a time when no one else is in the bunk because if some one flushes the toilet you will get burned or if someone uses the hot water you will freeze.

In the morning, people get out of bed between 7 and 9 o'clock. They are helped by two sets of gongs and three or four passes by Ira as well as one or two by Pete. Between 9 and 12 o'clock people annoy Pete by trying to get into the bunk for some reason or other. During the break from 12 to 2, half the bunk will get bored of hanging out inside which I don't understand because they've been trying to get in there all morning. The afternoon is a repetition of the morning and after dinner people stay alone on their beds and eat their food and drink soda from the canteen. Then some hang around and some go to the evening activities. After the evening activities is when all the fun starts.

The people in the end bunks play their boxes while some others listen to their Walkmans or talk. The rest yell at the people with boxes or the ones talking. After a couple hours of that the boxes stop playing while others fall asleep with their Walkman. Some realize they've been talking to a sleeping person for the last ten minutes and just fall asleep and the people who were yelling stop and fall asleep. In the morning the whole process starts over.

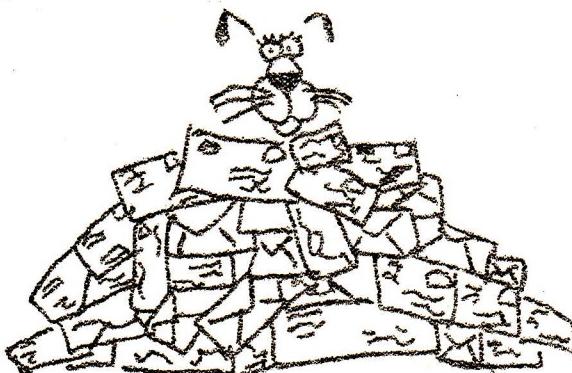
Last and not least--our counselors. Pete is a cool dude and likes everyone. His cat, Scooter, however is not like that because he runs away whenever anyone comes near him. The other counselors don't like us as much because they are on OD a lot and get very annoyed when people turn the lights and radios back on whenever they leave.

All in all the Boys Annex is a pretty cool bunk.

# MAIL

by Sharon Shafer

I walk into the office with a feeling of fear. It's a Tuesday, Danny's day off, and Stephanie Kastor and I have to do the mail alone. As I head towards the sorting area, Stephanie enters from the back door. Wordlessly, we stand staring open-mouthed at the biggest pile of mail that either of us has ever seen. We begin the tedious job of sorting the staff mail from the camper mail. Then staff mail gets sorted alphabetically, while campers get divided into boys and girls and then into living quarters. Sometimes it takes up to an hour to get the job done, but it's worthwhile because we bring joy to a lot of people.

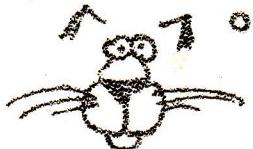


## DINING ROOM

by Amy Rule

The Dining Room: What memories are stirred by those three words! Great food! Great atmosphere! And what a salad bar! How I used to love to stroll leisurely through the room, being shoved from one side to another by madmen running for their coffee fix, campers rushing for their seats, and dining room attendants pouncing upon milk spills. What I would give to have that dining room back!

what number did  
they start on?



Theo's  
lunch  
TICKET

93,570



# A Day in the Life of Boys' House Downstairs

Play and story by Peter Graff and Brett Singer (or Brett Singer and Peter Graff)

7:30 A.M.

John: Get up, Kid! C'mon, get up.

Kid: Yeah, sure. (Starts to awaken.)

John: (As he trips over a box of ant-covered doughnuts and lands on his face in a pile of underwear.) This place is a pig-sty, man. (He walks out.)

Kid (Getting back into bed.) That was a close one.

8:30 A.M.

Dave: Hello, there. Are you going to lie in bed forever? You're missing a wonderful breakfast.

Kid: Uh, oh. (John enters with a two-gallon jug filled with water.) I'll get up! I'll get up!

Dave: Ah ha ha! (Smiling evilly.) It's too late. (He starts to flip the bed.)

John: Yeah, man, get up! (He dumps the water all over the poor struggling boy and the presently torn apart bed.)

Dave: Now, get up!

8:42 A.M.

The kid starts to trudge through the knee-deep slime in the bathroom so as to reach the shower.

"Ah ha ha!" comes the battle cry of a boy armed with eight scuzzballs.\*

Splat! One hits our hero on the side of his face.

"Dave!" he shouts.

"YES?" says Dave, coming over as he dumps the bed of a terrified child onto the floor. "Oh, a scuzzball thrower!" He drags the culprit into the counselor room.

"Hey," remarks our hero, "those counselors aren't so bad after all."

\*A scuzzball is a ball of toilet paper and shampoo.

As he walks into the shower, we hear screams coming from the counselor bedroom. "No!" screams the scuzzball thrower. "Not the bug juice! Not the bug juice! I'll never drink it."

"Ah heh heh heh..." comes from Dave's room.  
"AHHHHHHH!!" come the screams.

### WHEN SUDDENLY

The maid enters with a huge jug of Clorox bleach. Our hero frantically reaches for a towel to guard his privacy.

The maid ignores him and dumps the bleach onto the muck-covered floor (which is now even more muck-covered, thanks to the bleach).

"There!" she says triumphantly. "It's clean." She leaves with a smug smile on her face.

"Oh, well," our hero thinks aloud. "Time to shower." He then enters

### THE SHOWER ZONE

This is a dimension not only of water, but also of sound, the sounds of frantic screams from desperate campers when they realize that there is no water pressure and they still have shampoo on their hair. We begin our saga as an unsuspecting camper actually enters THE SHOWER ZONE.

He turns the cold water faucet to the right. "Oh, good," he thinks, "cold water." Then he turns the hot water faucet to the left. "Oh, my God!" he screams as the water temperature jumps to 149.52 degrees above zero. He leaps out and into the muck. Out of the frying pan and into the jello.

He turns off the hot water and returns to the shower. It is still hot (slightly less hot, though--149.49 degrees above zero). There is no escape.

Finally, shower over, he leaves the bathroom, thus exiting THE SHOWER ZONE.

After he has finished dressing and is leaving, John tells him politely, "Hey, man, you got a scuzzball on the side of your face."

"Yes," says Dave, "but we dealt with the thrower. Hah hah hah..."

10:00 P.M.

Various counselors: Lights out!

Kid (Our hero, from outside the back door): Somebody lemme in, please! Somebody lemme in!

Bunkmate: Awright. (Opens door.)

(Our hero proceeds to undress by flashlight.)

Sybil (Entering): Hello, children.

Kid: Oh, my God! Sybil! (He hides behind his laundry bag.)

Sybil: Good evening, boys. (To kid) Get to bed! It's after lights out!

Kid: Uh...o...kay...uh

(Sybil exits.)

(Kid climbs into bed, tripping over lower bunkmate's foot.)

Lower bunkmate: Hey! Jackass!

Kid: Sorry. That was a close one.

THE END

Note: Dave and John are both great guys, but in the interest of fun...

# Life at Girls' Terrace 1

By Evie Cooper

Terrace I girls have been compared to the animals at the Bronx Zoo. We have a reputation for being a loud and rowdy bunch of girls. You may ask yourself if this is true. A simple answer is, yes.

Each day at 7:30 we hear the ring of the gong ever so faintly. At 7:40 our first house counselor pounds into our cage roaring, "Twenty to eight, time to get up." She proceeds to flick on our brightly illuminating, 60 volt lamp; then she stamps out and leaves our door wide open. At 8:15 another lovely counselor comes waltzing in chanting, "8:15, you should be up already." As you lie in a freezing, unmade bed, you finally decide to hobble out. By now, it's 8:59, and you have missed breakfast, so you decide to take a shower. The water spits out at you in spurts of icicles. All of a sudden, the bathroom door shoots open and your friendly neighborhood Terrace I mate opens the shower curtain, sprays you with shaving cream, takes your towel, and leaves contentedly. A half an hour later, you jump out of that wonderful jacuzzi, defrost yourself, and get dressed. As the morning wears on and rest hour approaches, you realise that the good friend who previously ruined your shower is about to take her own. The outcome, of course, is that hers is worse than yours. As she steps out into the middle of the bathroom, a massive mud puddle that sits ever so sweetly there day and night awaits her. Later, the put-to-bed gong rings, and there is only one counselor on terrace. However, about 20 minutes after the gong rings, almost everyone is back on the terrace, except for those late night stragglers. The hardest part of the day now approaches our counselors. They have to get all of us wild beasts back into our stalls. Not bad, it only takes 45 minutes. 11:30 now; you have this urge to go and visit a friend's room. Very calmly, you leave your cabin, head to the bathroom, wash your hands, walk out, but go into your friend's cabin. Pretty sneaky. You tell her what was on your mind, and then head towards your own room. As you lie in your bed and think about your day, you decide that the Terrace farm is a great place to live.

# LIFE IN A TENT

by Amy Rule

I wake up each morning to the sound of everything. From the Animal Farm to the Boys' CIT area, every sound comes in clear as the Gong from the Dining Room. I suppose I could say I'm grateful since I'm awake by 7:45 every morning (even Sunday).

Here is a common conversation about my living quarters:

"Hey, Amy, where do you live?"

"Last tent on the left by the Octagon."

"Really?" I receive a look of disgust and shock. "Did you want to live in a tent or did they force you?"

"Honestly, I wanted to live in a tent. The tents are bigger than the cabins are; we each have our own beds instead of bunks; we have bureaus instead of shelves; and on hot days, we can roll up our walls to let the air blow through. Can you do that?"

"Well, no. But don't you get wet when it rains? What about when it gets cold?"

"I don't live under a rock! Two layers of canvas keep out more water than the roofs on the other buildings. When it gets cold, we add more blankets just like everyone else. Also, we even have our own built-in clothesline."

This usually ends the conversation quite nicely by shutting up the other girl. The reactions of boys, however, are completely different.

"Do you really live in a tent?"

"Yes."

"How'd you get to be in a tent? Is it only the girls that live in tents? Why don't the boys get to live in them? Would you like to switch so I can live in your tent, and you can live with my roommates?"

This last offer is very tempting, but too soon gets lost in the rapid flood of other questions that follow.

Overall, the pros much outweigh the cons, and given the choice again, I would still take the tent!



## **Girls' House Downstairs**

by Rebecca Kislak

7:30 A.M.: Gong! Gong! Gong!  
A few people jump up and grab the showers.  
Others sleep and wait for Mimi and Caron to drag them  
out of bed.

8:00 A.M.: Gong! Gong! Gong!  
Almost everybody finishes getting ready. A few are just  
waking up.

"Will you go to breakfast with me?" is the common  
question. The answer varies. "I'm eating with Joey."  
"Will you wait?" "Sure."

Mimi and Caron chase around the people who aren't  
yet at breakfast.

"Haven't you gone to breakfast?" And Caron's famous  
line:

"Make your beds!!! The campers here in GHD are girls  
so sweet and good, but I wish that they could make their  
beds like a good Buck's Rocker should."

After the work gong at both nine and two, Caron and Mimi  
chase the campers out of the bunk, trying to get them  
interested in an activity, if the camper isn't already.

Lunch and dinner are the same as breakfast:

"Will you come to \_\_\_\_\_ with me?"

"Let's wait 'till last call."

After dinner, many of us play volleyball with our  
house counselor Caron, who is also the volleyball coach.

During evening activity, we have interesting  
discussions with the counselor on house duty.

Five minutes after put to bed gong, ten counselors  
are in your room turning out the light.

The campers basically like the counselors, and the  
counselors basically like the campers. Everyone gets along  
and it's a terrific bunk.

# DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS

## The Ongoing Adventures

by Roger Bailey

The time is approximately 7:30 p.m. A small group of normal everyday campers and CIT's gather around a table in the quiet, empty dining room.

The "characters" are ready, and, suddenly, our normal everyday CIT's and campers are transformed into  
--three elven fighters, Quasar III, Roloch,  
and Torloch.

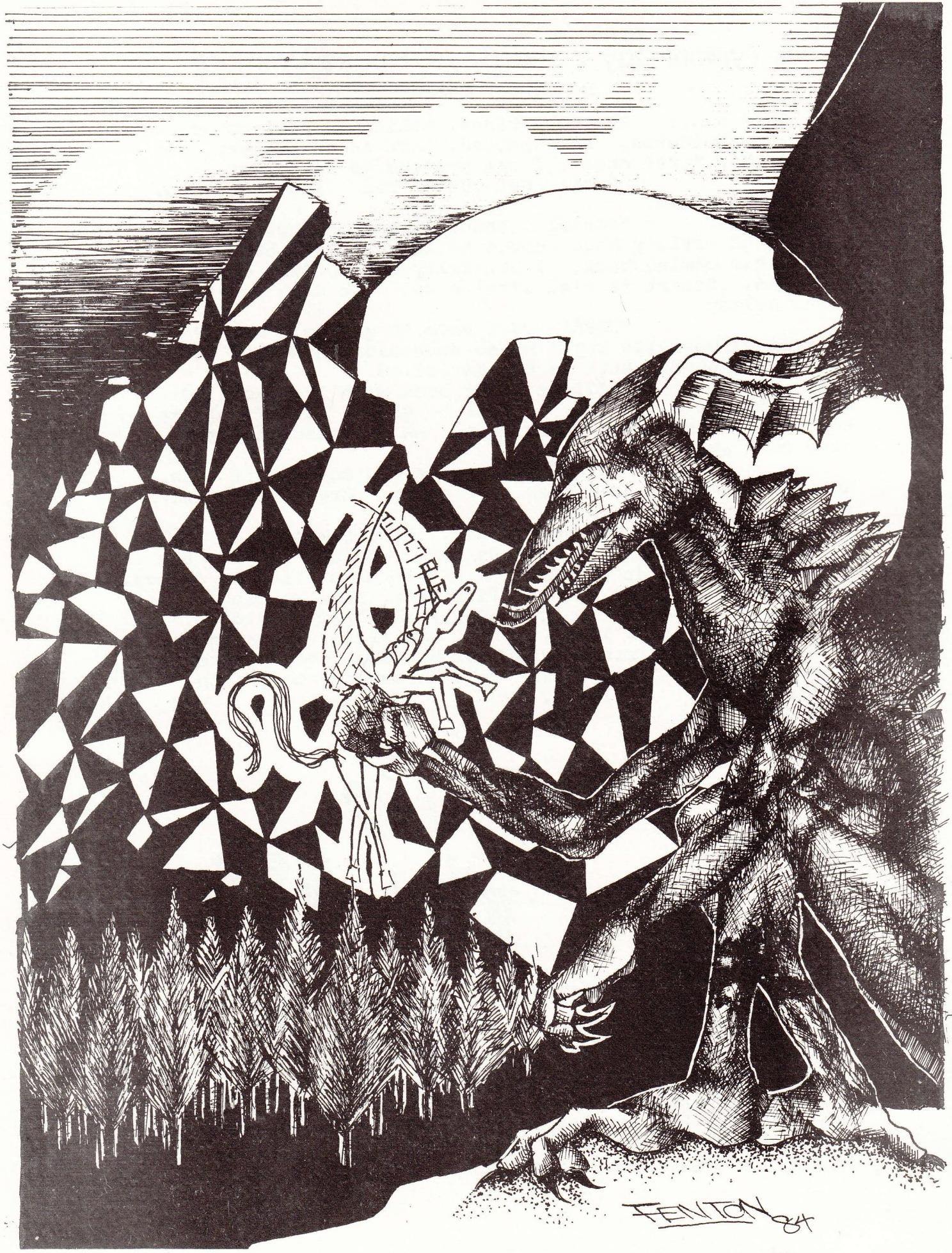
--one human cleric  
--a magic user

They search for the secret behind the disappearances of families in a town called Hochoch. After visiting a popular inn, they gain valuable information. They set off the next morning and run into trouble; they find out too much info.

A cult of reptilian humanoids is kidnapping town members. As a result of knowing too much, one elf ends up dead.



BOONG!! The put-to-bed gong rings--many cries of disappointment are voiced. We pack up our dice and equipment and stop for the night. What is in store for the rest of the party? We'll find out tomorrow night.



FENTON 84

# A Typical Day in the Boys' House Upstairs

by Daniel Volchok

7:29 a.m.: The gong rings, making me semi-conscious. I wait two minutes. As expected, Marc is on his way. As this is his first check, I can pretend to be asleep.

"Greg! Get out of bed. You, too, Stu." Marc turns to me.

"Daniel. Danny. Come on, up." I raise my head to satisfy Marc enough to leave. Head back down. I hear him coming back. I partially sit up just as he comes in. Stuart is also sitting up. But Greg is still sound asleep.

"GREG! Do I have to get cold water?" (A typical Upstairs Boys' House counselor threat). Greg raises his head. Marc is not satisfied.

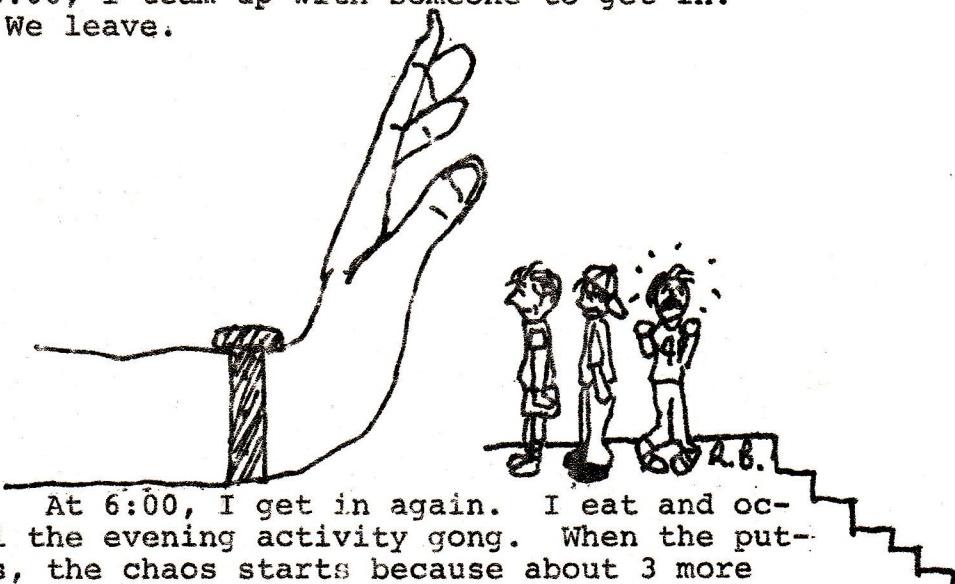
"I'll be right back with the water, Greg." Greg, without a thought, is back to sleep. I fall off the top bed. Uh oh, here comes Marc. As promised, he does have cold water.

"Greg!" He pulls the covers off Greg. He slowly extends the water. He pours. Greg sits up with a few nasty words to Marc.

9:00 a.m.: The gong rings. Matt comes in.

"Everybody out." We all leave. But with "nothing to do" at 9:30, I try to sneak in. No chance. I make it to my bunk only to find Matt there waiting.

"Out." With still "nothing to do," I try again at 10:30, 10:30, 11:00, and 11:30. No such luck. At 2:00, the gong rings, and Matt has the house cleared in 10 seconds. At 3:00, I team up with someone to get in. No way. "OUT!" We leave.



At 6:00, I get in again. I eat and occupy myself until the evening activity gong. When the put-to-bed gong rings, the chaos starts because about 3 more counselors have come in. Five kids go for a camper-against-counselor war. There are jumping, grabbing, dodging, and throwing into beds.

Lights out. For 30 minutes my bunk and the next bunk yell at each other to shut up. Finally I am asleep. I dream about what fun it is living in BHU.

## **Girls' Terrace Two**

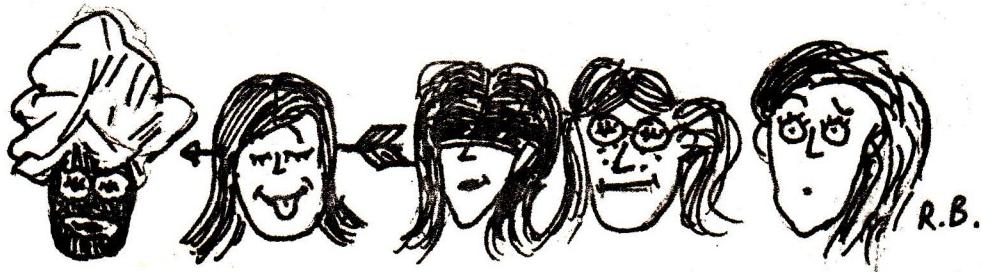
By Rachel Biederman

A counselor very, very quietly tiptoes to the door and eases it open. In a gentle whisper she says,

"7:45, girls."

"ALL RIGHT, WE'RE GETTING UP! JUST LEAVE US ALONE, OK? WE GET THE MESSAGE!"

This is how the day starts on GT II. It's not that we don't love our counselors (actually, we do) but...we're "bad morning" people.



After the initial shock of morning, we are a happy bunch on Terrace Two. We all enjoy Pink Floyd at full volume at all hours, and we are a reasonably harmonious group until put-to-bed, when we once again become a group of insane juvenile delinquents who use the bathroom in the middle of the night, have late-night parties, and buy off the O.D. with Goldfish and potato chips. The two rooms on the end of the Terrace are especially hot party spots.

In spite of all these disturbances, we are a well-loved and lovable bunch who refuse to go to bed without our good-night hugs and kisses from the counselors.

Hand in hand  
fourteen and two.  
dusty toes bump the dirt  
on a swing flying skyward  
laughing and laughing  
until the swing broke  
and she caught me.  
an oatmeal spoon  
winging towards the ground  
was arrested sharply  
chastened and returned.  
Learning to ride a tricycle  
Three wheels, fat  
on and on.  
Someone who always put on enough  
jelly,  
and not too much peanut butter.  
at the Fair, that year  
waiting on line for the ferris wheel  
cotton candy caramel apples cracker jacks  
sticky fingers buried deep in  
pink clouds  
turning gray with grime  
but we finished it anyhow,  
waiting to get down from the top.  
Learning to ride a bicycle  
training wheels, two  
on and on  
Hot and dirty,  
going to the park  
the only grass in the city  
stealing garbage cans  
lining them up, one after another  
in a long row  
to ride, weaving in and out  
swooping like a bird  
or a tiny child on a swing.  
Learning to ride a bicycle  
two wheels, thin  
on and on,  
wheels keep turning.  
Flower girl at her wedding,  
yellow and brown long flowered dress  
white cotton, gold rings  
lilies of the valley  
shaking strangers' hands  
vanilla icing on sticky fingers  
I had learned to ride by now.  
blue birth announcements  
"Matthew Eric Bentley-Kasman"  
will soon be learning to ride  
a tricycle  
Now:  
we are fourteen and two,  
hand in hand.

by Rachel Biederman

## Life on the Terrace

by Amy Vernon

Life on the Terrace has its ups and downs, as does everything else in life.

### Disadvantages:

1) Too far away from dining hall. However, this can also be an advantage, because if the meal is one you hate, when someone asks you why you weren't at a meal, all you have to say is, "By the time I got here from my room, the meal was over."

2) Too close to the animal farm. In the mornings, whether you're asleep or awake, the sound of the donkey braying is not the most pleasant sound.

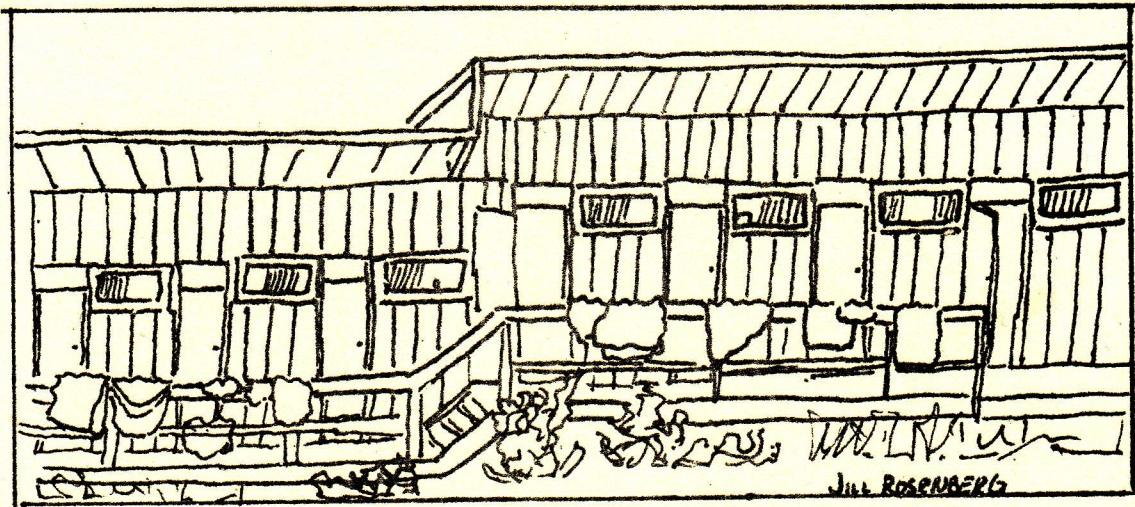
### Advantages:

1) Nice house counselors. They only come in to force us out of bed twice (most of us need the forcing.) If they so wished, they could come in fifty times every morning, but they don't.

2) Far enough away from the gong not to get blasted out of bed each morning. We can hear the gong, but it isn't so tremendously loud that we can't hear anything for the next five minutes.

3) Only 4 people per bunk. The cabins have 6.  
Do I have to say any more?

Altogether, I'd say the ups outweigh the downs. I enjoy life on the terrace.



## CIT Boys

by Joe Ashear and Steve Williams

What do you think of when you think of the boy CIT's? Motley Crue, porta-potties, Sunday night terror O.D., Feelings (nothing more than feelings), break dancing?

True, we are all these things, but the boy CIT's are much, much more! We are the very heart, spleen, and pancreas of Buck's Rock, a creative work camp. Under the iron hands and watchful eyes of a priest, a Teuton, and a redhead, we have learned to accept the awesome responsibilities of counselling in the hopes that someday we might earn the responsibility of getting a little cold cash for it.

Each morning these marvels of hard work and dedication known as the boy CIT's wake up at 7:30, mumble some obscenities and go back to sleep, because 7:30 is far too early for such heroes to rise. They then wake up again at 8:52 or so. Then it's a mad rush to the Men's Executive Lounge with cries of "LEFT SHOWER" echoing through the scenic countryside. Once inside, cries of "FLUSHING" strike terror into the hearts (spleens and pancreas) of these valiant knights in quest of cleanliness.

Later, stumbling back to their bunks, these squeaky clean apprentices look eagerly toward their chance to enrich the summers of both the campers below them and the counselors above them. Then, with their work clothes, old sneakers, Stri-dex, and a little Scope, they begin their Buck's Rock day. We see them in the shops working, in the kitchen serving snack, and in the girl CIT area--well, never mind.

For three hours they sweat and toil. Then, after a healthy dinner of Jamaican meat patties or some other such delicacy, it's back to the plywood palaces they call home where these commanders of time, space, and dimension are transformed from mild-mannered masters of their trade to swinging sex gods with the help of a few studly threads, a little more Scope, and some Chanel for Men.

(In the interest of gaining a family rating, we cannot tell you what happens next, but rest assured, they work just as hard during the night as during the day.)

Later, as the familiar chimes of the gong echo through the aforementioned countryside, they join the more topographically resolute CIT's for a snack of last year's chicken and tomorrow's penicillin. There's plenty of iced tea and sparkling conversation for all, and a few heartfelt

choruses of some favorite Sinatra tunes. Then the boys stalk silently through the darkness to their humble abodes where, after the removal of the studly threads and the cologne, they dive headfirst into Mandible Central where they eat, drink, and make merry, enjoying all the goodies Mommy and Daddy sent, partying into the wee hours of the morning.

We hope you've enjoyed this look at the life of the boy CIT's, and, in retrospect, we'd like to thank Lou and Sybil for the opportunity to express our creativity; John, Konny, and Dan for the guidance and support they provided; and the Pembroke Plumbing Co., for the best damn Bastille Day we've ever had.

## Morning at Girls' Cabins

By Rachel Lapidus

Brrronggg...Brrronggg...Brrronggg!!! I turn over, not even bothering to open my eyes. Ten minutes later, our counselor, Kimberly, stomps in, informs us of the pleasant 95-degree weather awaiting us on the other side of the door. In reply, two of us groan.... Twenty minutes later, I sit up and mumble to no one in particular that I'm going to take a shower.

Of course, by the time I get there, there's no hot water left and I finally wake up when the icicles splatter onto my face.

On the way into the bunk, I slam the door and Kathy throws a pillow at me for being noisy. When I knock over Mona's bottle of Perrier, I get a reprimand from Vicky and a hairbrush from Kathy. Claire walks in and tells Kathy that unless her feet are on the floor in thirty seconds, she will die an untimely death. Kathy does a belly-flop to the floor and the other two sit up. Our neighbor, Jenny, walks in, and complains that she is starving and will we hurry up.

After breaking a mirror and getting candy wrappers stuck to my sneakers, I feel that I am well-dressed and presentable to the world. We drag Kathy out the door and head for the dining room, the start of another great day at Buck's Rock!

# Hotel Girls' Annex One

by Carol Markowitz

"Hello, and welcome to Girls' House Annex One. I'll be your tour guide through this exciting area. If at any time you have any questions, be sure to refrain from asking. Follow me down this hallway. No smoking please.

"Now, here we are in the bathroom. As you can see, it's wonderfully dirty. The floor is full of mud, especially following a rain storm. The maids do a wonderful cleaning job every morning and it stays that way for a while--until the next wave of girls pile in and return it to the 'comfortable' state it was in before. Over here, we have four showers. You can take a nice, long, hot shower, as long as no one flushes the toilet, or uses the sink, and no one is waiting for you to come out. We have an amazing statistic on the workability of our toilets: 50% operate occasionally. Isn't that just ducky?

"Follow me out of this door, no pushing please.

"As you can see, we are in a constant state of disorder. Towels, cosmetics and laundry line the hallway. Here, let's look at a typical room. Note how friendly the campers are. They look up and wave. "This is the typical Buck's Rock atmosphere.

"Let's go back into the hallway. Notice the typical remarks of the campers, like 'thanks for not warning us when you flushed the toilet,' and 'I don't believe it, the laundry lost my favorite pair of pants.' Also, we are proud to say we have two whole mirrors! There are outlets in only a few of the rooms. Isn't that wonderful?

"Note the lovely walls. We took special care to give them that dirty, whitewashed look.

"We have installed skylights to remove some of the gloom. They work wonderfully in the sunlight. They are also economical. If it's raining, and all the showers are in use, you can simply stand under a skylight.

"Here is a typical bed. Please feel free to touch the mattress. No Mr. Jones, I don't mean that you should take the quilt off. You can get a wonderful night's rest if you don't mind the lumps in the mattress, the creaking bed, and the wake-up bell at the crack of dawn.

"Follow me to the counselors' room. The counselors are very nice. They will assist you with your problems. You always know whether they are here or not. According to the sign on the door, they are in one of two places, 'Here,' or 'Out to lunch.'

"This concludes our tour of Hotel Girls' Annex One. If you decide to come here, we'd love to have you. Just register in the hotel lobby. Thank you.

# BOYS' CABINS

by Craig Frisch

"Just what is it like to live in Boys' Cabins?" is the question most people in Boys' Annex and Boys' House ask themselves at least once a summer.

If I were to be asked that question (which I was), how would I answer? Well, first I'd ask myself the advantages of living in Boys' Cabins. The first important advantage is the counselors, people like Jay "the Boss" David and the fatherly Mike Fauci "who helps us take care of our problems" and "really understands us well;" plus Steven "Soccerhead" Phillips and Dave "the Spelunker" Paris; Bryan "the Artist" Blas and Patrick "Longtail" Kelly.

Then there's the normal morning scene:

Gong Gong Gong Gong Gong Gong Gong; the gong is rung. Mike Fauci comes in and says, "Get out of bed!" and talks with us for a minute. Then at 8:00, my bunkmates get out of bed and wake me up. At 8:30 I'm out of my room and ready to go to breakfast. I glimpse Mike going into the other rooms making his daily rounds.

The afternoon is quiet time with people resting or playing chess or even reading--that's provided there is no Buck's Rock Bowl that day.

The evening is also basically quiet with the few exceptions of radios blasting, guitars being played, or the grunts and heavy breathing of a person working out.

"Gong x 15." Oh, no, it's put-to-bed. All of the guys run out to the ping-pong tables to get their final hugs and kisses to calm their hormones for the night. Total chaos sets in, campers, including me, not wanting to go back to our bunk, knowing what's going to happen when we get there, but finally being hurried off by Sybil and Company.

When we arrive, the counselors are in battle formation shouting, "10 minutes till lights out!" Guys run around to talk to their friends; some bother the counselors or even fight with them, but everything is finally settled and the Boys' Cabins are through for the night, or are they???

In closing I would like to say that there is always someone higher than you. For example, Boys' House looks up to Boys' Annex, Boys' Annex looks up to Boys' Cabins, the Boys' Cabins to the Boys' Shops. I have been very privileged to live in the Boys' Cabins Up & Down, and I would like to thank Mike and Jay for the best summer I've had so far. Now I'm looking forward to life as a CIT.

## Girls Annex Cabins

by Julie Fromer

I walked with my eyes on the ground, looking for the long exposed root that lay across the path to the Girls' Annex Cabins. gingerly, I stepped over this gnarled piece of wood and ran the rest of the way down. As I landed on the porch, I glanced down the length of it. Yes, everything was normal. The door to 11C was the only one propped open and a girl was leaning lazily in the doorway trying hard to look like she was listening to the lecture. Phyllis faced her, explaining how the wet clothes should be hung on the lines in back and not on the railings. Liz was also around, as I could hear her talking about "blokes" in her British accent. From inside one of the rooms came a strange mumbling. As I moved closer, I recognized it; the two French girls were chattering away in a language that no one else could understand.

I tripped my way down the porch to my room and got out my towel, etc; I had to take a shower. However, in my mad haste to get there before anyone else, I left my shoes in my room and skidded into the bathroom barefoot. I made it, no one else was in there, but I realized the mistake about my feet a little too late. Obviously other campers had been showering because I slid all the way to the opposite end of the bathroom. There was about two inches of slimy, soapy, mucky water oozing all over the floor. I peeked into one of the stalls. That reminded me of the fact that these toilets were defective. They didn't flush. Ever.

I got into the shower and started to relax in the warm water. The "Flushing!" that rang out was barely a warning for the first freezing, the scalding water that flowed over me. And the toilets didn't even work; I got frozen and burned for nothing!

I spent the remainder of rest hour reading. Then I headed for the shops.

## *The Garbage Crew*

by Jessica Mann

A pack of wild animals have been running rampant around Buck's Rock this summer. Irwin's Boys, more commonly known as the Garbage Crew, are a quartet of lively Englishmen. Living with the horses has made them into those guys we know so well: Chris. Nigel. Steve. John. A unified bunch, yet also four separate entities. Let us examine them more closely.

Chris Cole - If there was ever a twenty-one year old infant, Chris would certainly fit the bill. At the water hole, Chris displays his over-developed body in a Union Jack bathing suit. He swims, splashes, jumps on and off the raft, and generally deports himself in the manner of a child.

On the job, Chris finds great humor in frisking people for food as they come out of the dining room. Hitting people with a broom and forcing them to salute him are also great derivations of pleasure for Chris.

Chris is a busy guy. On a given day you can find him playing a wild game of table tennis with Andy Wardale or methodically sweeping the road. Chris freely admits to the age of three and it is rumored that he changes his own diapers.

Nigel Boswick - With his huge blue eyes and blond hair, Nigel has an air of innocence last seen in Alice In Wonderland. While the other boys are telling dirty jokes and fooling around, Nigel calmly sits and reads Jane Eyre. Attractive in his own special way, Nige is constantly surrounded by a harem of young girls. The last to admit to being one for the ladies, Nigel freely tells others of their flirtatious habits.

As one exits the dining room when Nigel is on garbage duty, one is met with a friendly smile and a happy greeting. Nigel will perhaps be best remembered for his unexpected performance in Clown Night - "Have a Nice Day!"

Steve Baldwin - Steve is a serious garbage man. At his funniest he keeps a straight face. Noted for his lessons in Garbology, Steve can often be found on Garbage Duty surrounded by a group of eager, young (female) students. Steve is incredibly calm in any situation, although he has been known to give fierce looks to anyone who messes up his neat stacks of plates and cups. Hard to tell when he's being serious and when he's not, Steve is the man to see for comic relief.

John Pearson - John is the aristocrat, the landed gentry of the Garbage Crew. At the age of twenty-five, John is available for wise advice at any time of day. Unfazed by any of the multitude of females around him, John much prefers to draw caricatures of people around camp. The kitchen staff and Wrinkles have been amongst those trapped by John's Evil Eye.

Irwin's Boys - So if ever any antics around camp have left you puzzled as to the identity of their perpetrators, one need only find the Garbage Crew. Be it for flirting, advice, or just a good laugh, Nigel, Chris, John, and Steve are the men to see.



**Leaves**

Green laughter against the sky  
Singing together in harmony  
But each with a separate voice.

--Sandro Weiss

Millions of puzzle pieces  
Like millions of people  
Sitting uselessly  
Like people do  
Unwilling to help  
Won't move unless necessary  
The pieces stare at the people  
The people stare back at the pieces  
Too afraid  
Why is there fear  
Fear of what  
Fear of a solution  
An unknown answer  
Which cannot be found  
As we sit  
And watch the pieces

Evie Cooper

# THE GONG!

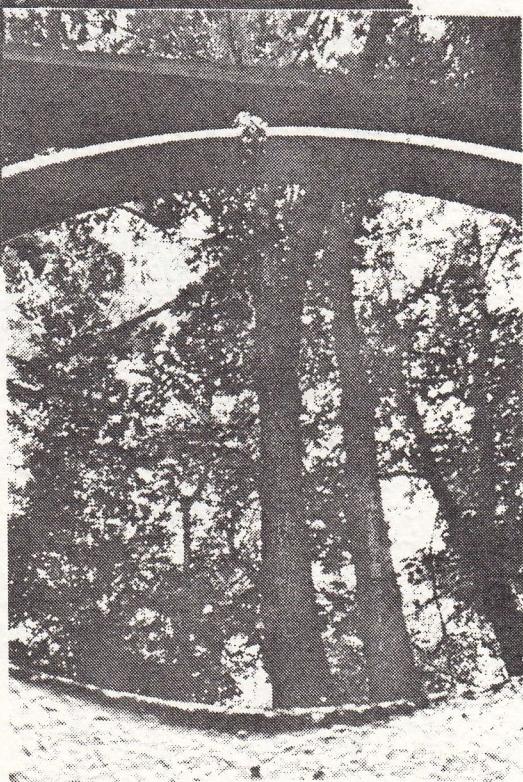
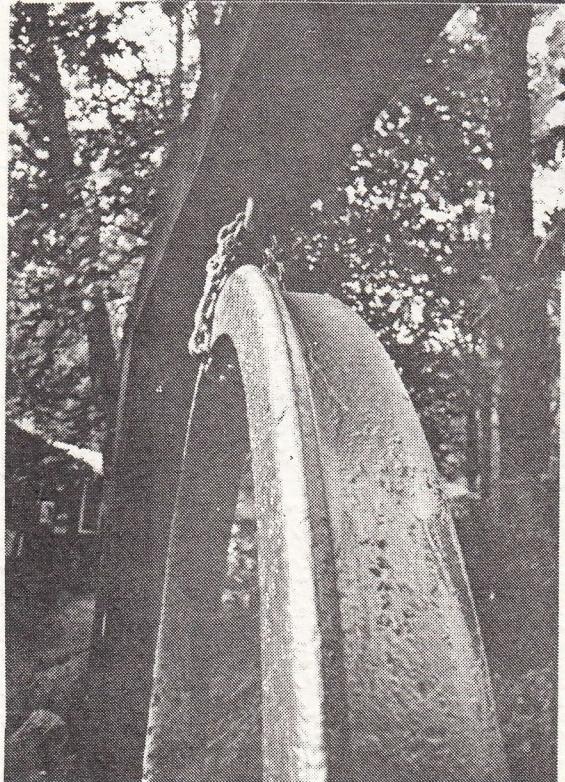
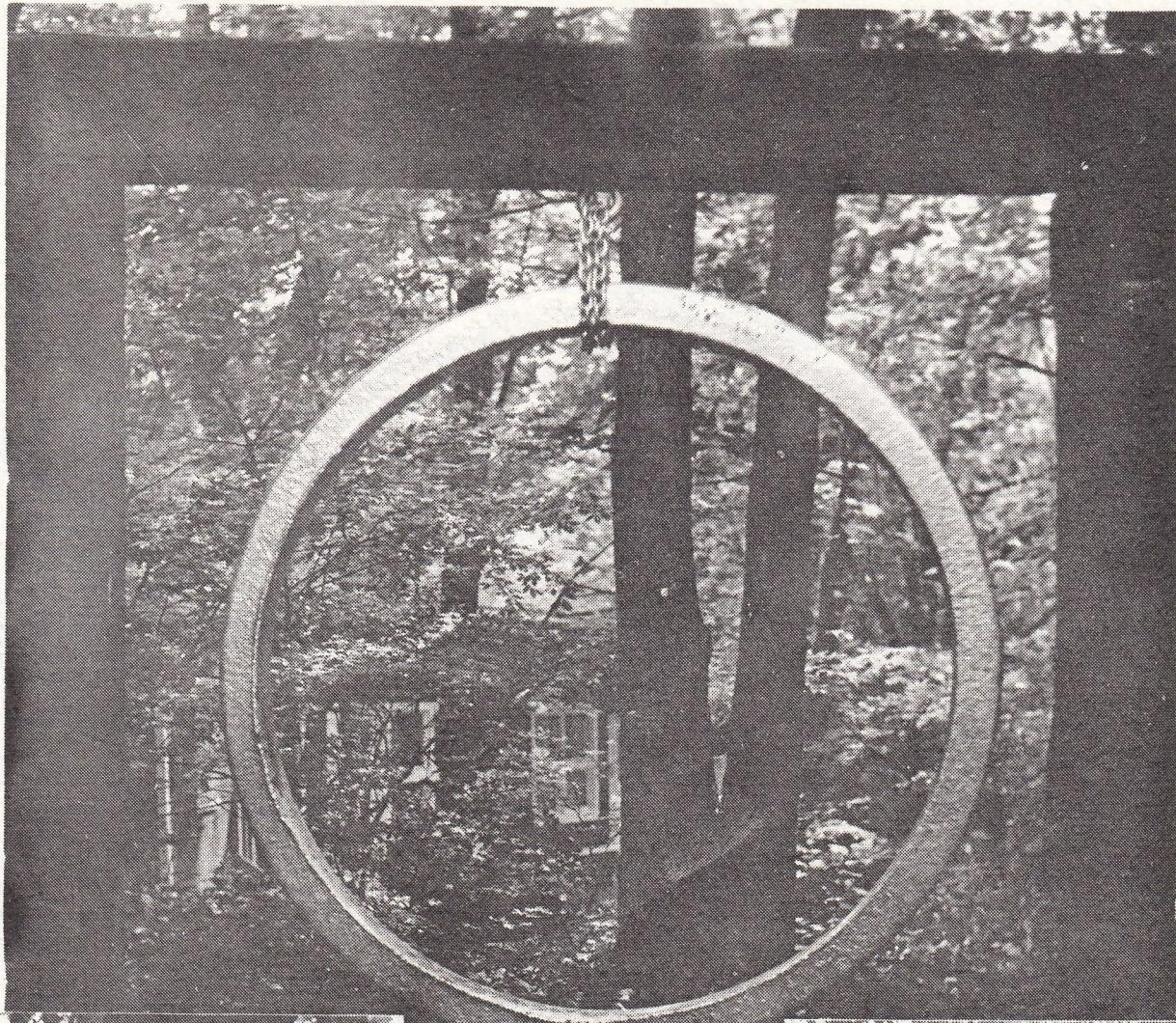
by Isabelle Kaplan

- 7:30 AM: The camp vibrates and most people get out of bed.
- 8:00 AM: It heralds the coming of breakfast.
- 9:00 AM: Shops are open!
- 12:00 PM: It calls Buck's Rockers to lunch.
- 2:00 PM: It signals the reopening of shops.



Even if you're unsure of what I'm referring to, if you've ever spent a day at Buck's Rock you've seen and heard it as its sound is inescapable. Though it's meant to remind us of the time of day and of activities, this vast silver ring suspended between two vertical logs is an unpopular sight at Buck's Rock. That's right, I'm talking about The Gong. Described by campers as the "Wheel of Torture" and as "obnoxious and rude," it also jars the camp and its vicinity at 3:00 PM for snack, 6:00 PM for dinner, at the beginning and end of evening activity and at bedtime. Yes, it is The Gong whose quakes cause tremors that register on the New Milford Richter Scale. Though it appears harmless to visitors, a common notion among campers is to melt it down for use in the jewelry shop. Guarding an entrance to the dining room porch, to many this looming hunk of metal possesses an aura that is almost sacred making it untouchable. Although the title "The Gong" does suggest regalia, the name is misleading as few actually regard it as regal. Arguments over which camper has the honor of ringing it are frequent. "The Gong's" partner, the wood and metal hammer, is kept heavily guarded in the office. But whoever is responsible for ringing "The Gong," its shrill piercing noise is unpopular and unwelcome among Buck's Rockers.

Photo by Ajay Khashu



Photos by Brian Gross



Left to right:  
Rita Pudell, Doris Adler,  
Phyllis Angelson, Sharon  
Fairweather

Rogel Bailey

# LAUNDRY

By Rachel Biederman

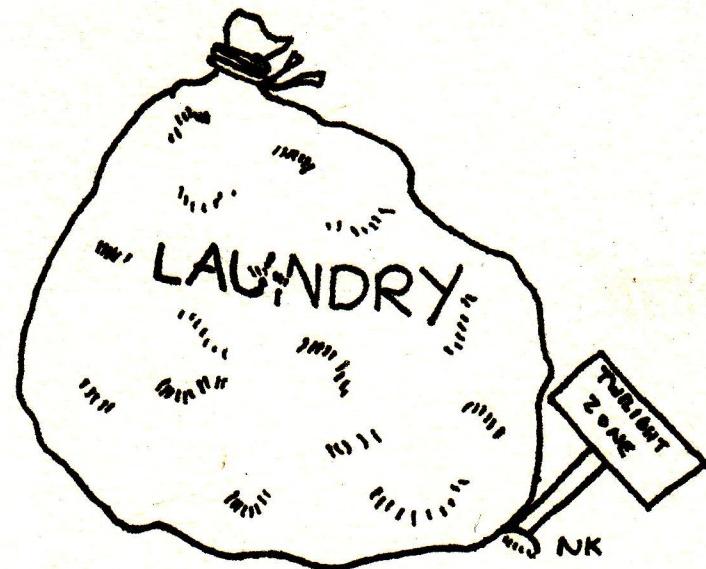
"Our laundry is WHERE?"

"Bridgeport, Maine. They sent it to the wrong camp."

"Oh, my God!"

"Ah, look at this! My lavender shorts are...puce,  
now."

Buck's Rockers just LOVE laundry day.



Crowded elevator

gray sea waits for missing sardines  
they are late

they didn't make appointments  
they believe they are better than this  
they are this;

Crammed and sticky with a sweet, uncomfortable smell

they think "This is hot and smelly. Does anyone have a Tylenol?"

when the curtains finally open, they enjoy the show no more than the wait.

A Rainy day in the city -nora

## 12:33 p.m. at camp, Saturday

by Abby Barr

I sat on the grassy beach looking at the blue-green water. The bright orange sun always seemed to shine right in my eyes. I can see the high, tree-covered mountains behind the water. It makes me feel so relaxed. I feel nothing could ever go wrong. I opened my book but then I closed it again. I just wanted to stare at the water into the bright sun. My friends did the same. I then found out that even if things are perfect, new things can go wrong. We all left the grassy beach with the tree-covered mountains

## FREE--Dedication to England

Feel the daisies in my toes  
Smell the grass blades through my nose  
Frompling, treading through the field  
In the ground, roots are sealed  
Young and old have gone through here  
Looking for a land of cheer  
In their heads, sadness from the past  
But now they're free, free at last

by Ashley

## *The Campers' View of the Counselors' View of the Campers at GHU*

by Jill Berman and Rachel Mann

On the first day of camp,  
we said to each other,  
they'll be lots of fun  
but sometimes a bother.

Rachel L. came first;  
she was here for pre-camp.  
She gave great massages  
for leg and back cramp

Next came Ali Rosen  
who knew right away  
that metal was the place  
she'd be every day.

Then we met Rachel M.  
with her guitar in her hand;  
yet she still found the time  
to work at the veggie stand.

Next came dear Debbie,  
and cats were her passion.  
She hung out at Pub,  
wore Garfield designs  
as fashion.

Next came Jill Berman  
with her books galore.  
She made enough things here  
to open a store.

Then there's Mary Kate  
with a very long name.  
Flute was her thing,  
but she was always ready  
for a game.

Later came Tara  
from an island afar.  
She had to come here  
in more than a car.

Then we met Jenny,  
J.P. for short.  
She hurt her knee,  
but was still quite a sport.

Sarah Smythe was the next one;  
and boy, she could ride.  
She took care of her horse  
and her bull calf with pride.

Then we met Juno,  
with a kind word for all,  
the actress-in-training,  
with a gracious curtain call.

Laurie Feigin,  
a writer-to-be,  
loved Louisa May Alcott  
which we could all plainly see.

Then came Alisa  
with her acting debut.  
She danced very gracefully,  
preferring no shoes.

Naomi Hartstein's  
a well-known name;  
when she lost her laundry,  
she made 'BBC fame.'

Then Jocelyn Lerner  
came in on the scene.  
She was friendly with all  
and never was mean.

Next came Susie.  
Her last name was End.  
She went to the animal farm  
for the pigs she did tend.

So ended the first month,  
a fun one I'll say.  
We looked forward to meeting  
new campers the next day.

Anna came first.  
She carried her sax.  
She went straight to sewing,  
not wanting to come back.

Next came Jenny M.;  
to ceramics she went.  
Since she was very good,  
a hand to beginners she lent.

Then Suzie arrived  
with two buttons that flashed.  
She was ready early every day  
and never wore clothes  
that clashed.

Then Gabe came  
within a short while.  
She went to the art shop  
and painted with style.

Then strolled in Martha;  
for short, we say Mari.  
She hated the food  
but loved being at pottery.

Jennifer Fields was the next  
to arrive.  
She ran to the water hole  
and took a big dive.

Corinna came next.  
She said, "Metal I like best."  
If there were a quiz on her  
ability,  
she'd surely pass the test.

The last of the Jens finally  
arrived.  
DeGraphenreed was her last  
name.  
If she hadn't come to our bunk  
it just wouldn't be the same.

Now there's Brodie,  
a child of staff,  
when she's around,  
she'll give you a good laugh.

Then there's Jan,  
a staff child too;  
she loves to sew  
and makes holes look like new.

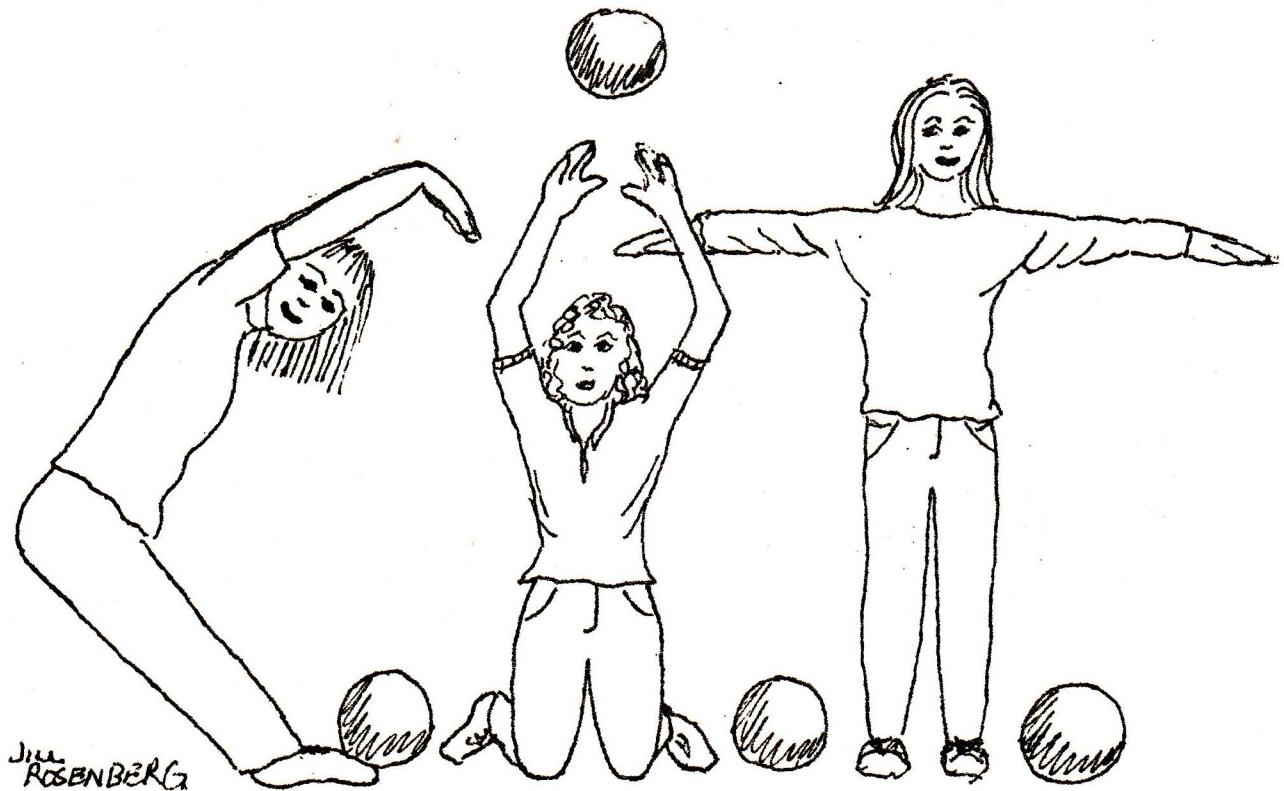
Then there's Helena,  
a fan of Michael J.  
We thought she'd be neat,  
but that's the understatement  
of the day.

We've all had our laughs  
and a few fights too,  
but it's all been great  
and we'll all miss you.

This is the end of the summer  
and fall is near.  
We had a good time  
and we'll see you next year.

# CIT GIRLS

by Sharon Shafer



According to our well-loved counselors, we are always up at 7:30 (on the dot), at work promptly at 9:00 and 2:00, and always there for our serving duties on time!!! Aside from all this, we are also the quietest people in camp at CIT snack and the easiest people to put to bed since we always fall right to sleep. Ask any of our counselors about their CIT's at 3:00 in the morning and that is the answer you're sure to get!!! Well, we may not be Dreamgirls, but we certainly add a lot of life to camp!!! Remember Bastille Day? How about the lovable CIT servers--"Want some slop?" What about all those good times when we had yelling fights at CIT snack? Sorry if we woke you up, Buck's Rock. The UNDERGROUND--what an accomplishment. Well, what more can we say?





GOLAN

Please uncoil your talons  
and stand up by yourself.  
Your affection is stunting my growth.

While dissecting my emotions with judgements  
you pry away my reassurance  
with protests of closeness.

I am guilt ridden because I don't need you.  
I cannot allow you to eavesdrop on my soul.

--Daisy Colchie

"With you?" he said softly, with just a subtle hint of mockery. It was enough and he watched her face fall. He cocked his half-smile and walked away. He knew that her eyes would follow him, that her jaw would drop open, then snap shut, and that her face would scrunch up into a grimace to block the tears. He resisted the temptation to look back. He smiled. Susie was the second one today, but Susie had been better because she'd really thought she had him.

He thought it rather ironic that Susie had been the one to insist that he come to the party. His breakup with Karina must have been terribly traumatic, and perhaps he would like to come early and help her prepare the drinks? He chuckled. He had come early, all right. This was going to be one hell of a cocktail party, and it was only half over.

He spotted someone in a dimly lit corner of the room, pulling apart orange sections in her glass. Her blue-black hair slid before her face like a veil, and he could see she was a beauty. She was wearing an angular blue dress, but it fell in soft folds and complemented her pale, almost white skin. He hesitated a moment, then sauntered towards her, lightly bumping her hip.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized. He widened his eyes in the tender manner that was always so appealing.

"Mmmmm," she purred, and raised her head. Her eyes were as round and innocent as he had forced his to be.

This is going to be so easy, he thought. The vision of her body crumbling before him sent a warm thrill up his back. "My mind must have been somewhere else. Are you all right?"

She nodded, and her thick mane vibrated. "What's your name?"

"I'm Chaz," he said. God, how he wanted to touch her hair. "And you?"

She didn't answer. She was staring intensely at Susie, who had raised her fist to her lips.

Chaz nearly panicked. Could she have seen what had happened with Susie? The thought irritated him, but he realized that she couldn't have heard anything, and she

certainly couldn't have known what went on. She spun her gaze back to Chaz suddenly, and he was startled by the blackness of her eyes. "I guess you didn't hear me," he continued. "I asked you--"

"Julie."

Her stare was disarming, and he found himself at a loss. He was distracted momentarily by an emerald sheen in her hair, like a peacock. But then she smiled, and her eyes were brown saucers again. Hadn't they been black before? Crazy. Chaz smiled back.

"Well, Chaz, are you having fun?" she inquired, tossing her head suggestively.

He decided to go all for it and replied, "Now I am."

Julie laughed and her eyes glittered green. Chaz frowned.

"What's wrong?" Her face contorted with worry. "Why the sour puss?"

That was all he needed. "Oh, nothing." God, she was practically drooling. Her body brushed against his. "Would you like to go somewhere else?"

She lifted her hand to touch him. Her nails were neat and unpolished, the way he liked them, except they were filed to razor sharpness and rather abnormally blue. He faltered for a moment. Julie licked her lips. "Perhaps my place?" he continued.

She touched his cheek and her fingers ran down his neck. He wanted to scream because it burned, it burned and he couldn't see. Everything was a rush of colors and his flesh was torn and wasn't anyone going to help? He realized that he hadn't even opened his mouth and he couldn't have if he tried. Still her fingers ran down and through until he was sure he would die of the pain; he couldn't stand the pain, like a thousand circuits popping in his brain. Peering through the prismatic haze he found to his dismay that everyone was carrying on as if nothing were happening. And then, as immediately as it had begun, it stopped.

Chaz looked down and discovered he was whole. He looked at Julie and her hand was poised exactly as it was before she had touched him. Had he dreamt all of this? He looked at her eyes and they were brown saucers again. "Too many cocktails," he muttered to himself. She still hadn't answered him. "Well?" he managed.

"With you?" she said softly, with just a subtle hint of mockery. She began to laugh. She laughed and laughed and her blue eyes danced before him. He was dizzy, and he felt

as if he were drowning. He thought he was going to vomit. He staggered to the bathroom and slammed the door shut, but he could still hear her laughing horribly. Supporting himself on the sink, he looked in the mirror, and in his reflection his skin was iridescent. He could see the bathroom tiles through his chest. He raised his hand to touch his face, but midway his arm stiffened. He stood, motionless, and slowly began to tip over like an old, tired oak. The last thing he remembered was a loud tinkling sound, and he was vaguely reminded of wind chimes.

Susie was with her new friend Michael when she heard a loud crash in the bathroom. "What was that?"

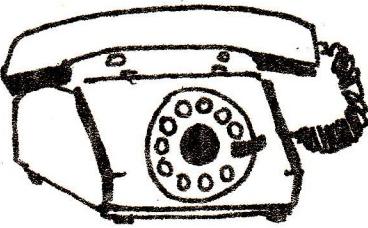
Michael waved his hand in a trivial manner. "Someone must have had a little too much to drink." He could tell that Susie was not convinced. "I'll go check if it will make you feel better," and he was gone before she could protest.

"What is it?" Susie called, shaking.

Michael returned, smiling. "Nothing to worry your pretty head about.

"Only a pile of broken glass."

By Daisy Colchie



# THE TELEPHONE

By Evie Cooper

I'm psyched. Determination. I will call my parents. I promised I would today. Now, here I go, I'm out of the bunk. Walk to the office. Rain. I felt a drop of rain on my left shoulder. Ignore it. Keep walking. No, start running. Made it to the porch. Make my way to the window where I stand on a never ending line of dime using telephone callers. Time passes. Finally, I get the attention of someone perched behind the open glass window.

"Can I have a dime please?"

"What's your name?"

"Evie Cooper?"

"Evie Cooper, O.K., return it when you're done."

Take the dime and walk away to the camper phones. Lines. I find myself waiting on a long line. Very inconspicuously, I sneak away to the alleged staff phones, pick up the receiver, put the little silver coin into the obnoxious, black looking machine, and dial. An operator who sounds about 99 years old gets on the line.  
please."

"Billing please."

"Collect from Evie," I respond calmly.

"Eddie," the operator screams back.

"No, Evie," I scream.

"Oh, Ezzie,"

"No," I scream at the top of my voice, "Evie."

Wait, a lightbulb appears over my head. Brilliant idea.

"Collect from Evelyn," I say.

"Oh, she said.

I'm now connected. Busy. Of course it is, why shouldn't it be. Put the receiver down. Wait five minutes. Try again.

"Collect from Evelyn," I say, very gallantly. Ah, it rings...and rings. Come on. Somebody answer the stupid phone. After the twelfth ring the operator's voice tells me to try again later. Put the receiver down and go back to the office. Return the dime. Leave the porch in the pouring rain and run to my awaiting bunk. Get to my bunk and sit on my bed dripping all over, As I am taking my soggy clothes off, I hear over the microphone, "Telephone call for Evie Cooper."

Once upon a time there was a king whose name was Snergle smiffsmiff. Snergle was a very happy king until one day all his royal subjects and many of his ghost-writers and fans caught acne and died of infections of the left middle toe. This was a direct result of a virulent basilisk named 'grunt.' Grunt had very unusual tastes in that he liked his cold pizza with pickles and sour cream, not without onions, which distressed a very many people. Unfortunately grunt the virulent basilisk was not immune to himself, which caused him to take up residence in a cheap flat in Las Vegas where he died two years later.

The End

GOLAN LEVIN

# Family Dinner

by Nancy Gray and Amanda Gross

Scene: Family of four sitting at a dinner table.

Father: How was your day, Billy?

Billy: Well, um...you see...it was

Daughter: Billy got into a fight.

Mother: Oh, for goodness sakes, not again.

Father: Now son, you know we've been over this many times before.

Billy: But, I...

Daughter: He started it!

Billy: Well, not really.

Daughter: With the two biggest guys in school.

Mother: I was wondering why you were covering your eye... Oh, my God! A black eye...Well, a fine way you've brought up your son, Fred...for goodness sakes, this is going to be so embarrassing at the Bridge Club tomorrow....

Father: Son, at least you could have picked on somebody your own size..would you keep quiet, Doris, I'm speaking to the boy...all those father-and-son talks down the drain...

Doorbell rings. Father answers. Two policemen walk in, very serious.

Policeman 1: Is this the Smith residence?

Father: Yes, it is, Officer.

Policeman 2: I'm sargeant Hooligan and this is Sargeant McCoy. We're looking for...(Spots Billy) Are you Billy Smith?

Billy: Uh-huh.

Mother: What is this?

Policeman 1: Do you realize you put those two boys in the hospital?

Mother and Father: He did?

Policeman 1: He sure did. One had four broken ribs and some severe bruises, while the other is in traction.

Father: Son, I didn't realize...Why didn't you tell us?

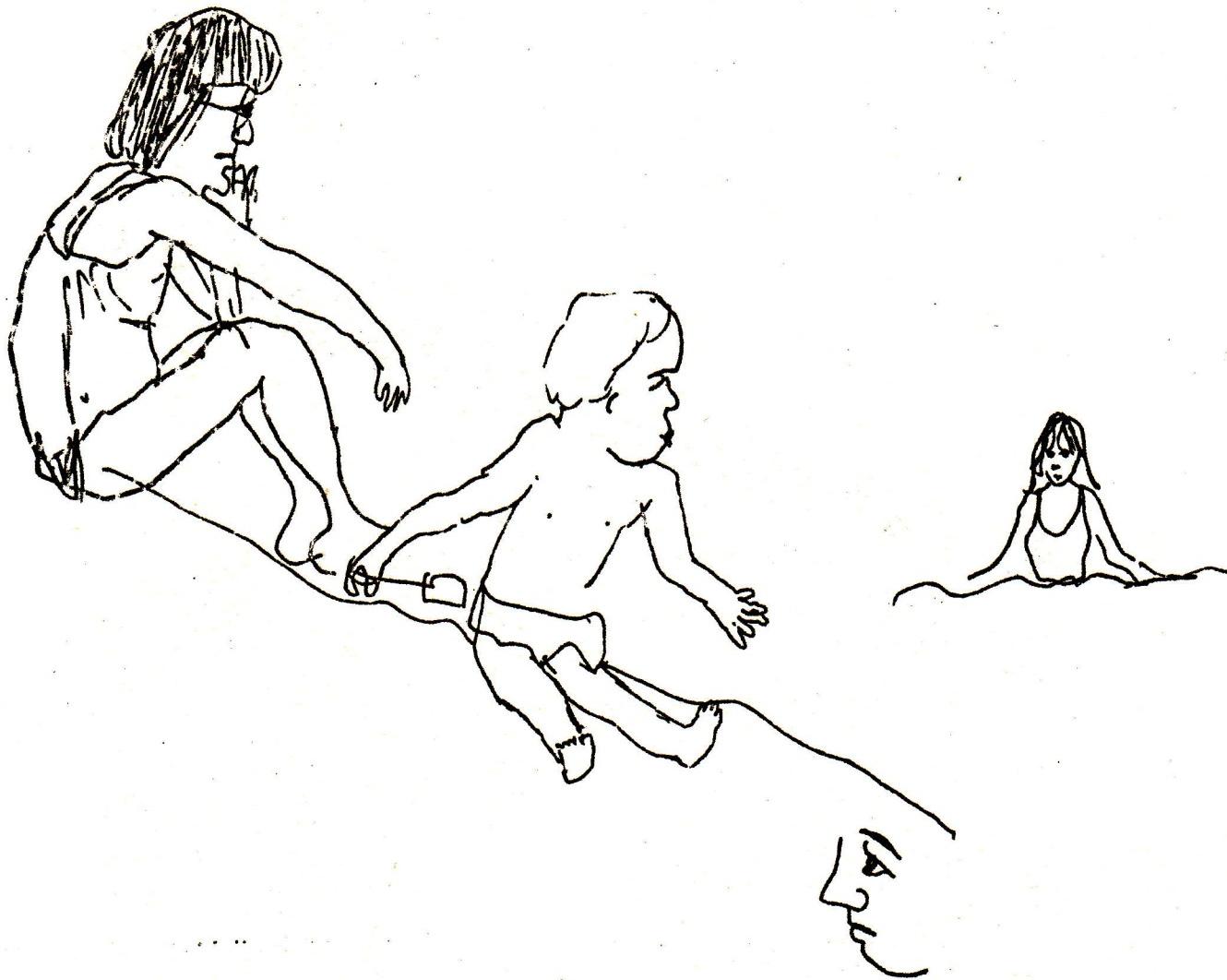
Mother: We're so proud!

Dad is beaming.

Policeman 2: We're going to have to take him to the de-tention hall.

Mother and Father: We're so proud. Bye-bye, son. We've raised him well...

Gradually, they sit back at table...Conversation fades out.



wet bodies  
while mine is drying  
the sand is warm and soft  
I think "this is the life"  
the joy is so thick you  
could cut it with a knife  
seeing the bodies that are  
usually masked.  
All these smiles  
miles of smiles

ND

# AT THE MOVIES AT BUCK'S ROCK

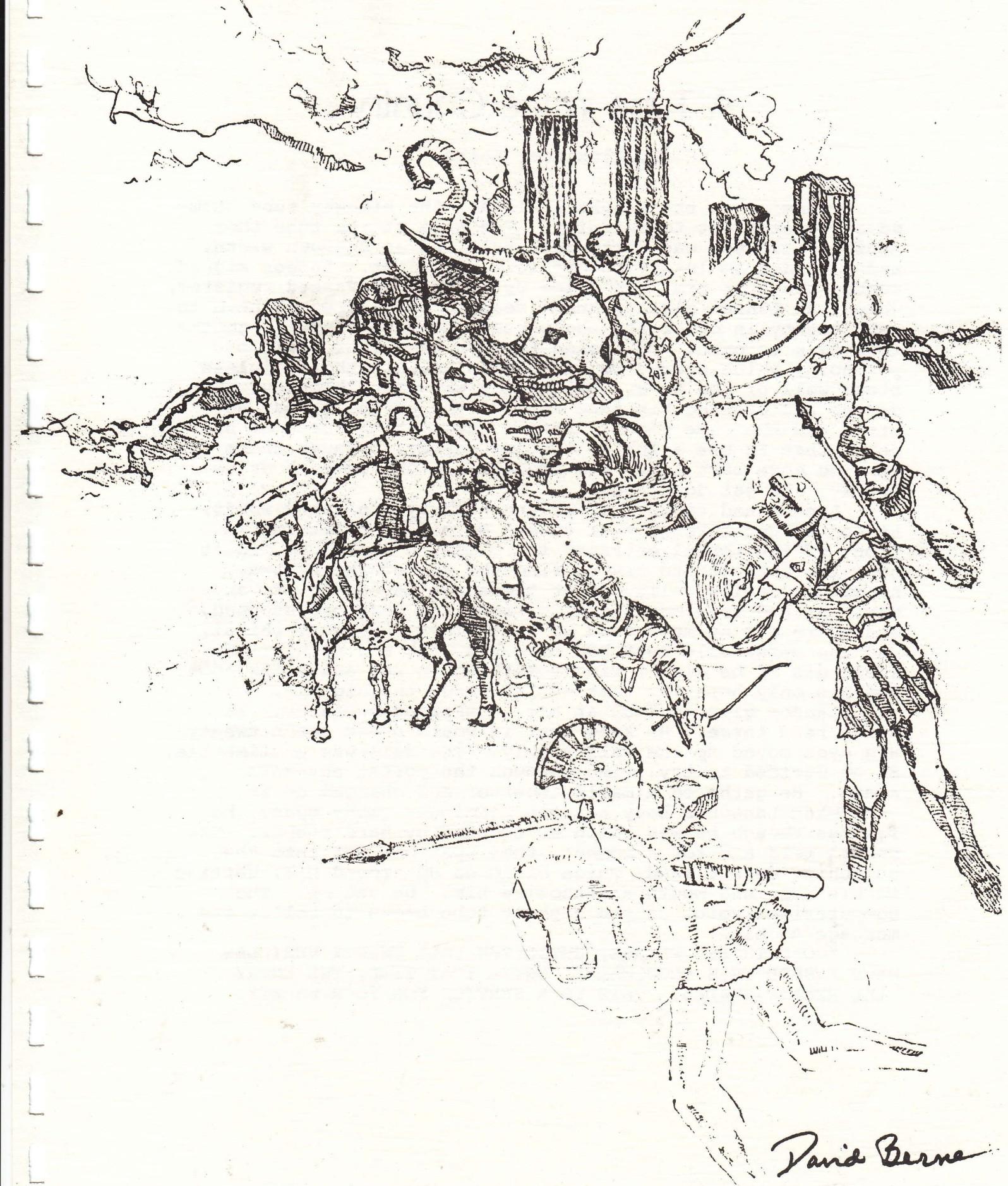
by B. Alexander Kolba

Picture, if you will, a grassy hill, campfire site included, covered with towels and blankets. Lying on these are many, many people, all eagerly awaiting a great event. Now, look where the people are looking, and you see a large screen, supported by a wooden sculpture. Then a man throws a switch on the machine, and the magic begins.

What strange scene is this? Why, it's movie night at Buck's Rock, that's what! Movie night, when we come closest to gathering the whole camp at one spot, when the various problems anyone may have melt away in front of the silver screen.

Movies are anything from junk entertainment to high art. And movies at Buck's Rock are no exception. Even though there are many problems, like weather, lines, reels, etc., the magic of movies still holds. This camp, though, is certainly not the easiest place to see a movie.

First of all, the weather determines where the movie will be. Next, the lines are terrible. If the movie is outside, you have to get your blanket there about seven hours early to get a good seat. Top that, Lucas! But none of this tops the ultimate creeping, eldritch horror: when a car headlight blanks out the screen for as long as it likes.



Daniel Berne

# A Tube in the Country

by  
B. Alexander Kolba

Gleaming in the bright sunlight, the highway tube seemed to stretch out to infinity. The side of the tube that Lanson could see was forty feet tall, of an unknown width, and extended endlessly to his left and right. Lanson sighed, rubbed his sore arm, and gazed up at the CarsPassed register, which, as Lanson already knew, read three. It would have to read twenty in order for the portal entrance that led to the crosswalk to open. He looked through the clear plastic porthole, which seemed to be an open hole in the stainless steel wall of the tube. All he saw was empty highway. He got up and pressed his face against the porthole, but he still saw the same sight. Lanson knew, in the back of his head, that it was a futile gesture anyway, because there were no more cars left, and probably no one left to drive anyway. He sat down again.

Lanson had to get across the highway; in other words, he had to get through that tube. He had been sitting in front of the portal entrance for almost a week. He didn't have the strength to try to find the end of the highway; he didn't really believe that there was an end to it, anyway. He had been on that side since the cars had stopped, and there was no more food or water left. Hunger, thirst, and the unbearable heat had made him weak and sickly. He would die if he didn't find something to eat and drink soon, and his only hope for that was to cross the highway.

Lanson glanced back at the CarsPassed register. It still read three. He knew that it would never reach twenty. His eyes moved up the wall slowly. The wall was unclimbable. So he decided to try going through the portal entrance again. He gathered himself together and charged at it.

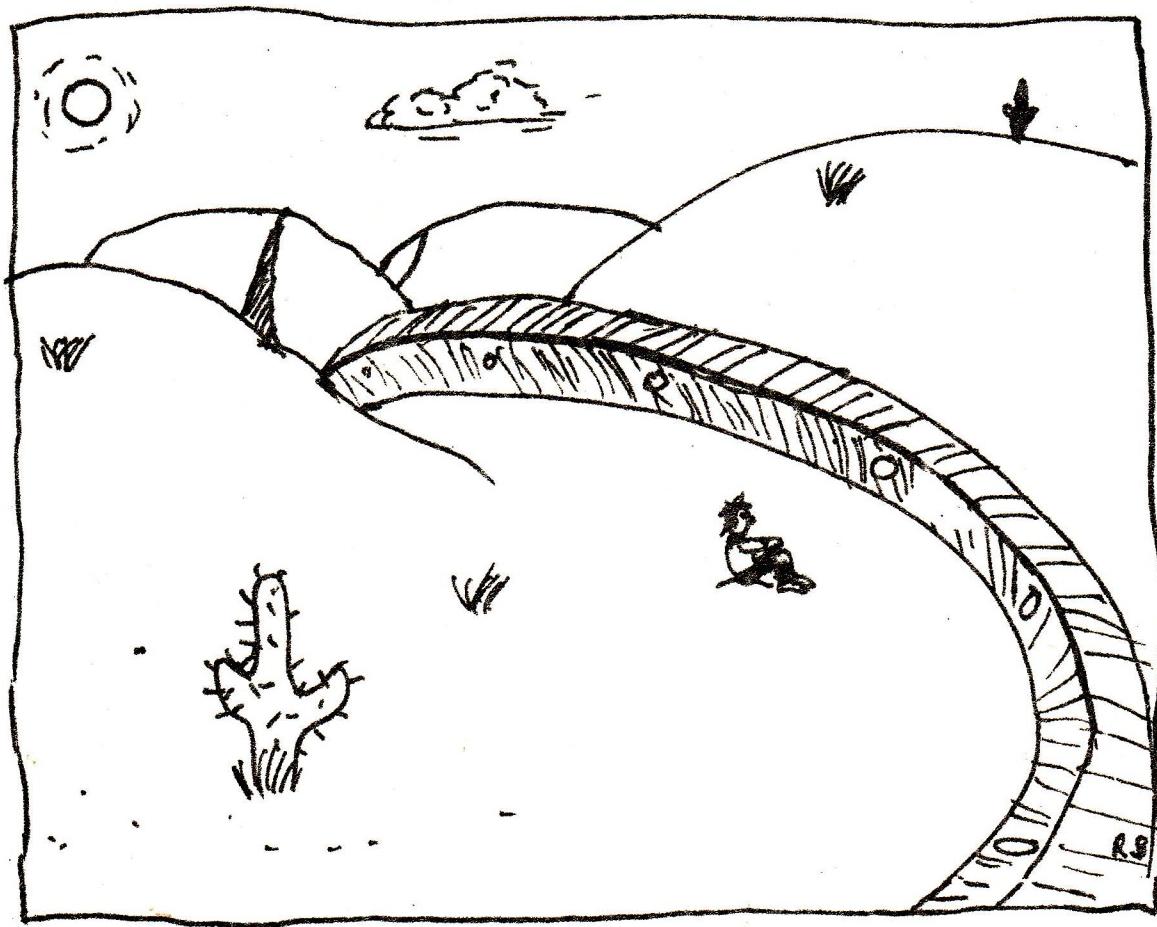
When Lanson's body hit the seemingly empty space, he felt as though he was being surrounded by hard rubber. The portal held him for a moment, then spat him out into the scorching desert sand, which billowed up around him, getting in his nose and mouth and choking him. He sat up. The computerized voice of the highway tube began to bellow its message to him.

"NO ENTRIES, PLEASE, UNTIL THE FULL TWENTY VEHICLES HAVE PASSED THIS CROSSWALK. UNTIL THAT TIME, THE ENTRY WILL REMAIN SEALED. THIS IS A SERVICE FOR YOUR SAFETY.

THANK YOU. HAVE A NICE DAY."

Lanson began screaming. He leapt to his feet and threw himself at the tube wall. The SuperSlip wall surface immediately repelled him, and he slipped to the ground. He started to claw at the wall and began whimpering and sobbing. Then he passed out.

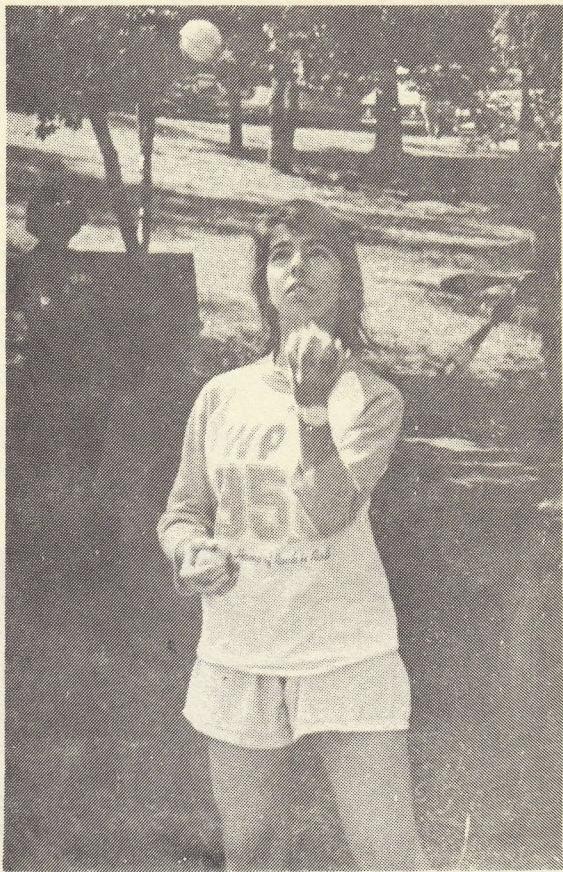
He never woke up.



## Invisible Girl

People are the stangest things. They have an odd tendency to believe what they see, or what they think they see. For instance, if they are given a silver piece of metal with some glass in it, they think its a diamond engagement ring. Why couldn't it just be glass or aluminum? No one but me can ever see the other side of things. I hope you won't be surprised when I tell you I'm invisible. People think they don't see me, so therefore, they really don't and I am invisible. I can walk through crowds of people on busy streets, and even if they bump into me, look straight at me, they still don't see me. In this way, I manage to watch a lot of people who think nobody is watching. Like now, I'm sitting there on a rock, and two girls passed by. One of them was crying; her boyfriend had broken up with her. A boy in a red shirt hopped over two steps and climbed over a rock. And a woman walked up a flight of stairs carrying a cello. I see so much that other people never see because I'm invisible. They couldn't have heard the tune that the boy hummed, because he would have stopped humming if he had thought anyone was listening. I saw the lines of weariness on the woman's forehead, and I saw the girl's tear-stained face. But, there are other times too; when I hum or I'm tired and especially when I cry, I sometimes wish I could be heard when I hum or be seen when I trudge wearily to bed, and know someone can sympathize with my exhaustion. Most of all, I wish someone could be there to see me cry.

Rachel Piedernau



Amanda Gross juggling.

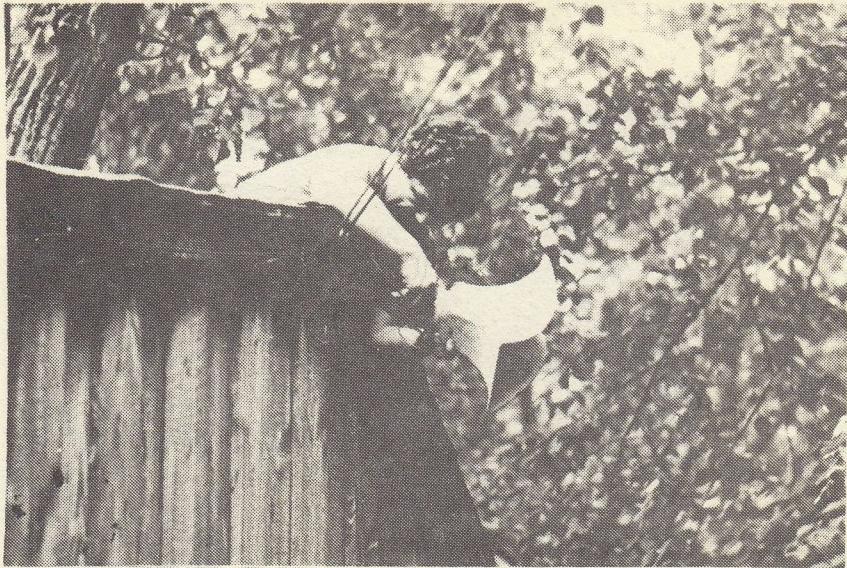


Photo by Lori Nelson

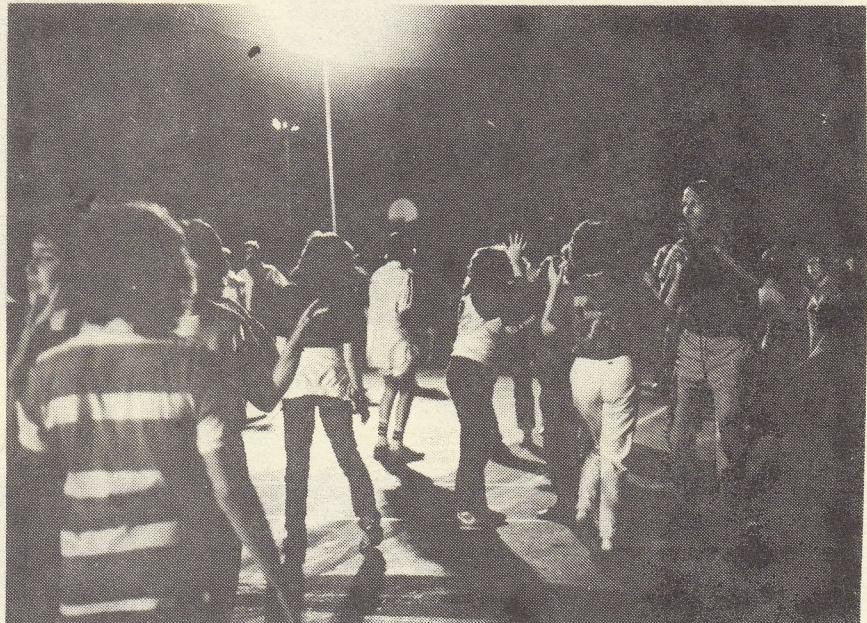


Photo by Lori Nelson

Tina Grech and Lori Nelson on the phone.

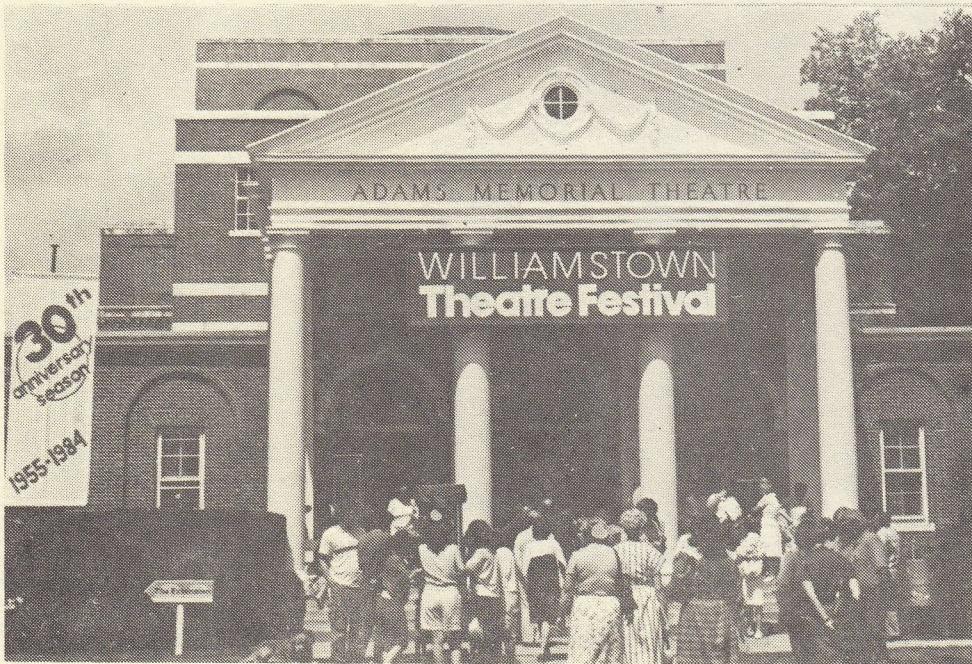


Andy Gruskay repairing the PA.  
Photo by Brian Goldberg

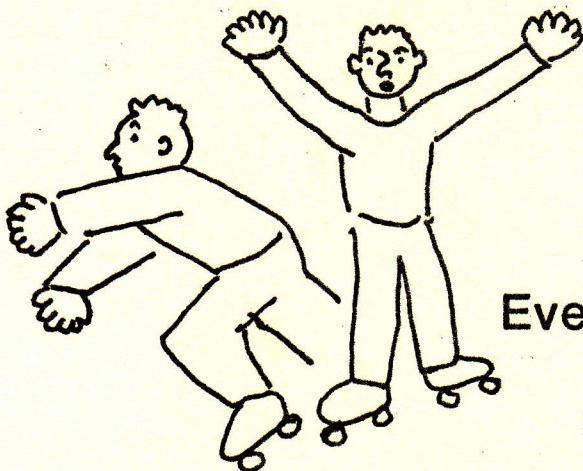


Dancin' with Carl Finger.

Photo by Craig Frisch

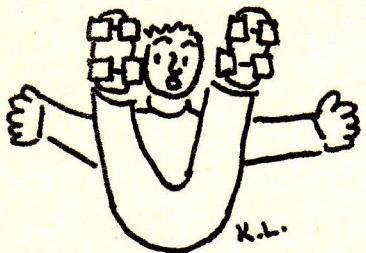


At Williamstown to see  
The Devil's Disciple.  
Photo by Craig Frisch



## Evening Activities

by Sharon Shafer



Dancin', movies, rollerskating. These are just some of the many activities that David Hoffman and his Evening Activities Committee have given us this summer. Numerous talent shows and game nights. Due to David and company, we have never been bored, never had "nothing to do." And there were always shops open for those who wanted to work.

## Life in Boys' Shops

Written by Andrew Feigin  
(Ideas from Doug Cohn, Steven Leif, Brian Gross, Todd Katzner and Adam Reisman)

It's 8:30 a.m. Friday morning; the Nine Residents of Boys' Shops REALIZE that it's time to face the REAL world. "Wakey-wakey," comes a surly voice from the bottom of the steps. "Mamma's coming up so put on your shorts." And with these few sweet words another day at the Boys' Shops begins.

Boys' Shops is a very exclusive address here at Buck's Rock. If you look at the Orientation Booklet, you will notice that it is the only unlisted bunk in camp.

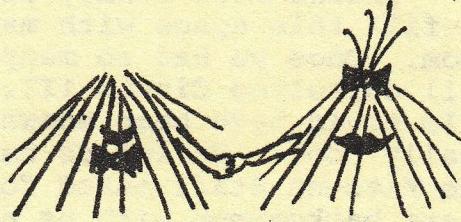
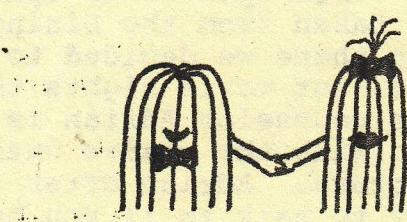
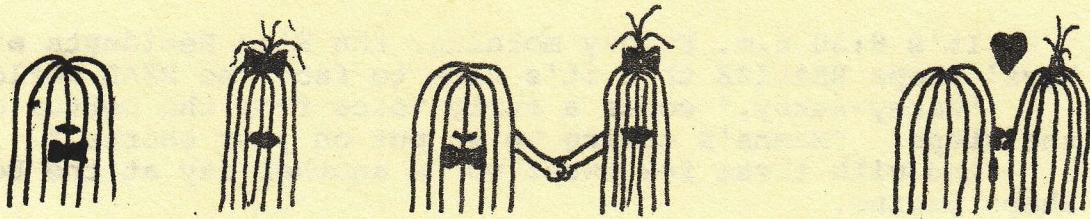
Unlike most bunks, Shops has a large open floor space. We fill this space with many chairs taken from the Dining Room. Once we had so many chairs up there we decided to call ourselves Cinema III. On rained-out movie nights the film could have been shown here. Our counselor Adrian is really cool. He let us have our fun with the chairs until the Kitchen Staff asked for their return. Adrian often plays backgammon with us and is easy to talk to if you have any problems.

But with all this privilege comes responsibility. We do not have counselors on duty most of the day and, therefore, must look after ourselves. If the campers handle this responsibility well, Shops can be the camp's best bunk.

"Until We Meet Again..."

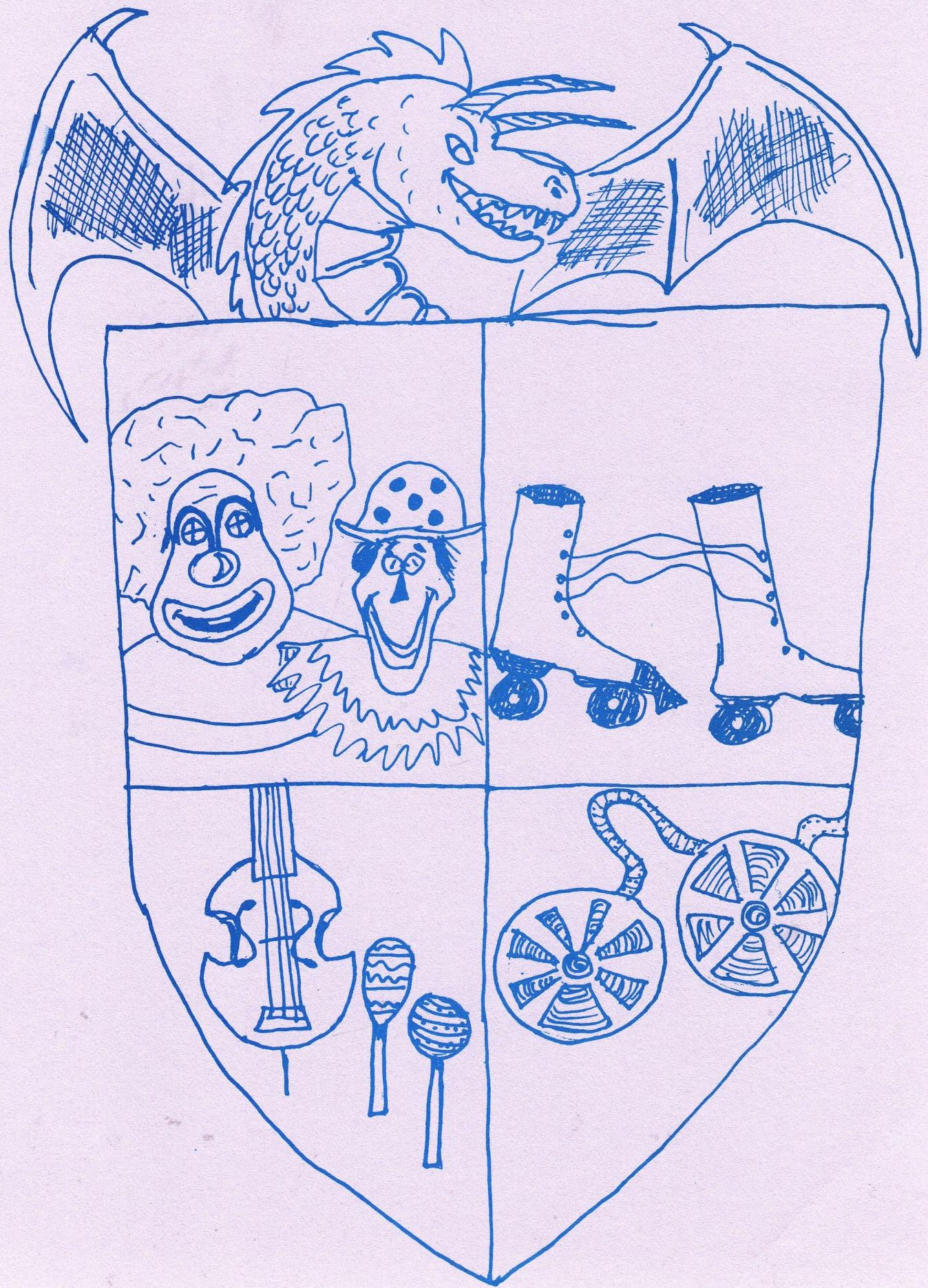
They had kissed before  
but they knew this had to be special  
and very effective  
...one to last a while  
the final moment arrives  
clinging together one last time  
before they part  
one kiss to say one thousand sad "goodbyes"  
and endless "don't forget me's"  
the awaited kiss emerges  
from deep down inside  
it puts them in a trance  
from feelings so strong  
only the same person could break it  
with a kiss  
...until I meet you again.

Rebecca Eppenstein

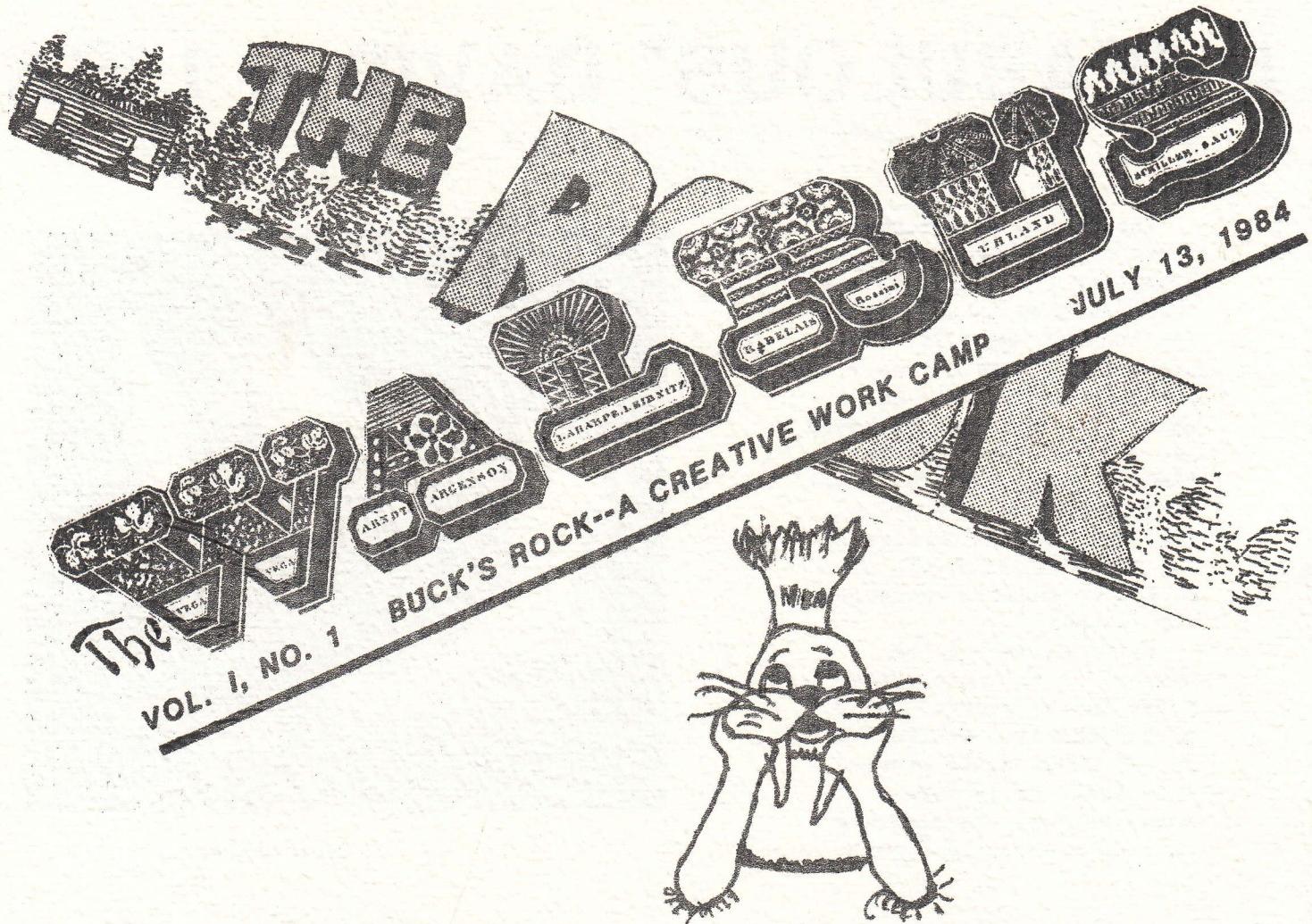


JILL ROSENBERG

# SPECIAL EVENTS







## The Walrus takes over The Rock

Bucks Rockers have been wondering why The Walrus has taken over The Rock. The Rock, a weekly newspaper for three years, had a large readership. It was a hit; campers related well to it.

The main reason that The Walrus was born is that there are so many new people at Buck's Rock this year that the Pub Shop decided that it would be challenging to give them a chance to start a completely new paper. The name, The Rock, was significant in that its name was taken from Buck's Rock. The new title, The Walrus, is significant in that it does not restrict the campers' writing or reporting in any way. They are free to create. Writing counselor, Richard Elliott, thinks that the name has already generated a lot of interest and excitement. Nineteen campers turned out for the first meeting of the new paper; he hopes that even more will sign on for the second issue.

--Sharon Shafer

# A "FABULOUS" DAVID & LISA

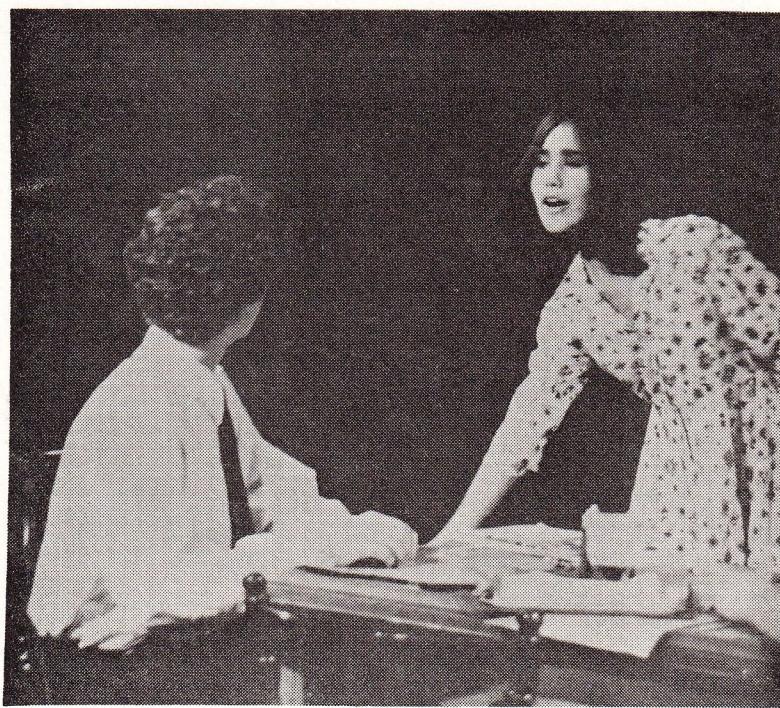
By Sandro Weiss and Brett Singer

The Buck's Rock Summer Theatre presented David and Lisa, its first play of the 1984 camp season, Saturday evening, July 21. The presentation was a tender story about children in a mental institution. Although the air was misty and the benches damp, campers, counselors, and parents packed into the outdoor theatre to see the work which was directed by theatre counselor Kate Harper.

David Clemens (Josh Draper) is the main character in the story. David is a borderline schizophrenic who never quite crosses this line. He is afraid of being touched, considering physical contact a "touch



Bader watches Draper



Draper and Bader

of death." He also has an obsession with time and frequently has dreams in which a clock cuts off the heads of enemies.

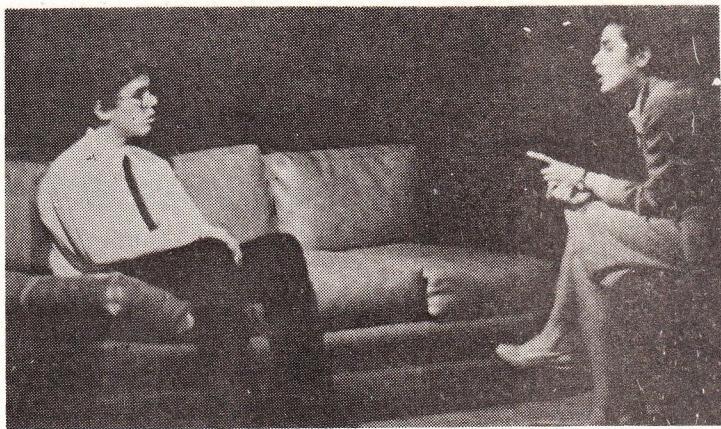
Josh portrayed David excellently, making the mental and emotional problems of his character apparent. He interacted effectively with the other actors, with good expression and feeling in his voice.

Lisa Brandt (Jenny Lyn Bader) is a chronic schizophrenic with two differing personalities--Muriel and Lisa. Lisa is quite childish, expressing herself in sometimes difficult-to-understand rhymes. Muriel, on the other hand, is mute, expressing herself only in

## **David and Lisa cont.**

misspelled, written messages. Jenny was convincing in portraying a girl with severe mental problems. Her feeling and absorption in the part were stunning.

Dr. Ellen Swinford, (Karen Ginsberg) and John, (Sam Lipsyte) are David's and Lisa's therapists. Dr. Swinford tries very hard to get David to open up to her. Eventually she succeeds and helps David to recover. John, on the other hand, has to cope with the changing personality of Lisa. Both Karen and John acted professionally and showed perceptive insight into the situations of each of their patients.

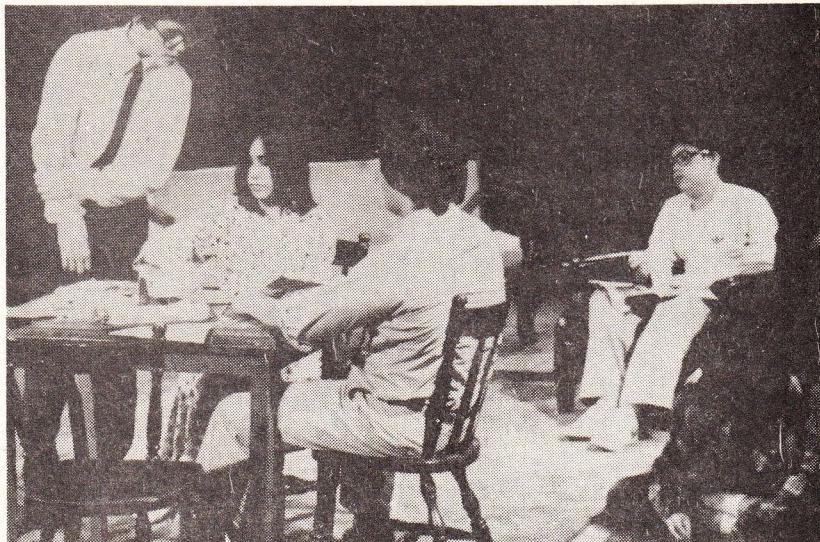


Carlos (Dareh Gregorian) and Simon (Brett Singer) were outstanding. Carlos is a Puerto Rican delinquent who sings and plays the guitar. Simon, who is much different from Carlos, is a manically depressed child who seeks David's friendship.

Everyone, no matter the size of their role, contributed greatly to the play. The rest of the fine cast included: David's mother (Joanna Carr), Maureen Hart (Jackie Jacob-

son), Barbara (Alysia Reiner), Mrs. Ferris (Alisa Feinstein), Sandra (Sarah Wender), Robert (Jon Cutler), Eric Porter (Dan Getzoff), Josette (Julie Saidenberb), Kate (Debbie Eisenstadt), Amy (Vezna Gottwald), Michael (Milo Bernstein), Dan (Peter Graff), Steven (David Miner), and Alice (Juno Shaye).

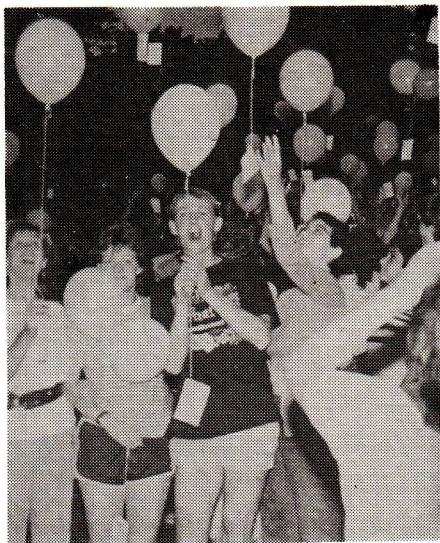
Kate Harper, the play's director, worked exceedingly hard, to put on, according to Sybil Simon, "an absolutely fabulous production."



## BALLOONS RISE TO THE OCCASION

by Brett Singer

Buck's Rock celebrated July 4th with its third annual balloon launch and race. Over 100 Buck's Rockers streamed to the baseball field to write post card messages to unknown friends and to set cards afloat on balloons of pink, green, red, blue, yellow and orange. The post card asked the person finding the message to write his or her name and address at the bottom of the card and drop it in a mailbox.



This card is all the way from glorious New Milford (hopefully very far away).

GEN DEVO

Hey, dude! How's it hanging? If you find this, send this to me with your name and address. This letter will self-destruct.

MARC SUMMERS

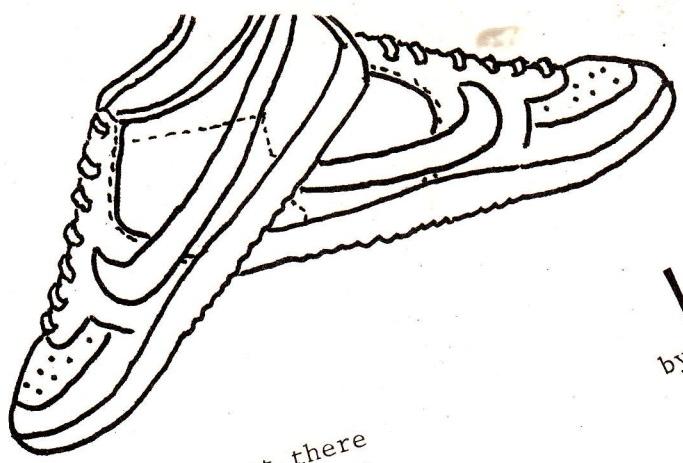
## BALLOONS: FIRST IN

by Sharon Shafer

Of the approximately one-hundred balloons that Buck's Rockers set afloat on July 4, ten postcards have already been returned; more are arriving daily. Remember that the postcards that come from the farthest points are the last ones returned. Early bird postcards have been returned to the following campers from the following places: Dan Bukszpan, Springfield, Mass.; Laurie Baum, Springfield, Mass.; Elissa Leif, Springfield, Mass.; Rachel Lapidus, Torrington, Conn.; David Grausman, Springfield, Mass.; Seth Ubogy, Springfield, Mass.; Steve Leif, Springfield, Mass.; Leif Rogers, W. Brookfield, Mass.; Caryn Angelson, Nashua, New Hampshire; Ezra Kenigsberg, Hartford, Conn.

4th to whoever finds me! I was tied to a balloon on July 4, 1984 for the Great Balloon Race. Please write your name and address on the back, drop me in a mailbox.

SHANA HACK



# LET'S BREAK

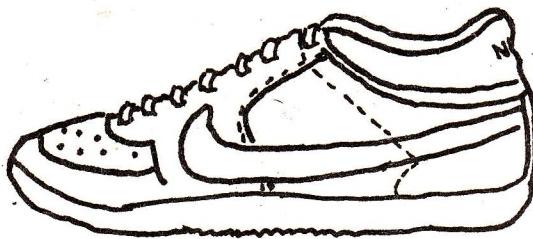
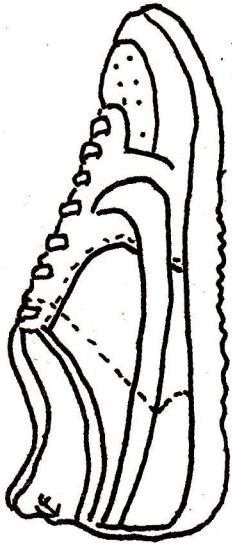
by Chris St. John and Mary Ida Zamore

By popular request, there are break dancing lessons at Buck's Rock for the first time ever this summer at the Dance Studio. Campers can try this formal gymnastic dancing, which evolved from the South Bronx in the 1970's, every Thursday from 2:00 to 3:00.

Break dancing has three parts: breaking, electric boogie, and up-rock. Breaking involves movements on the ground. Electric boogie is done standing up. The wave, popping, and the robot are electric boogie styles. Up-rock is two people pretending to fight while break dancing.

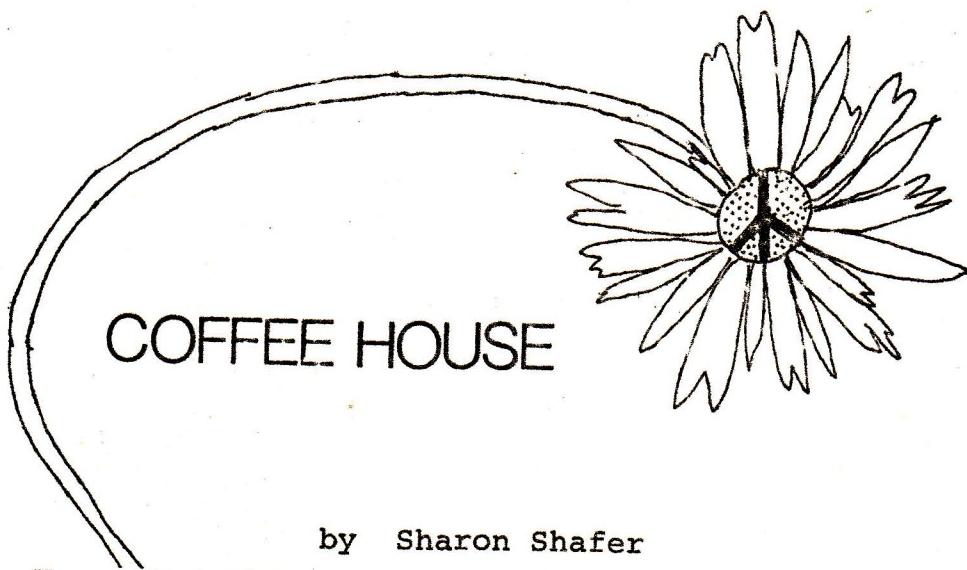
The dancers have their own fashions. They usually wear nylon sweat suits or jeans and special shirts. Sneakers with thick laces that are tied loosely are essential. Name brands are important.

Break dancing can be a dangerous and risky sport. If you want to learn how to do it, come to the lessons. Then it can be a safe, fun art.



JILL  
ROSENBERG

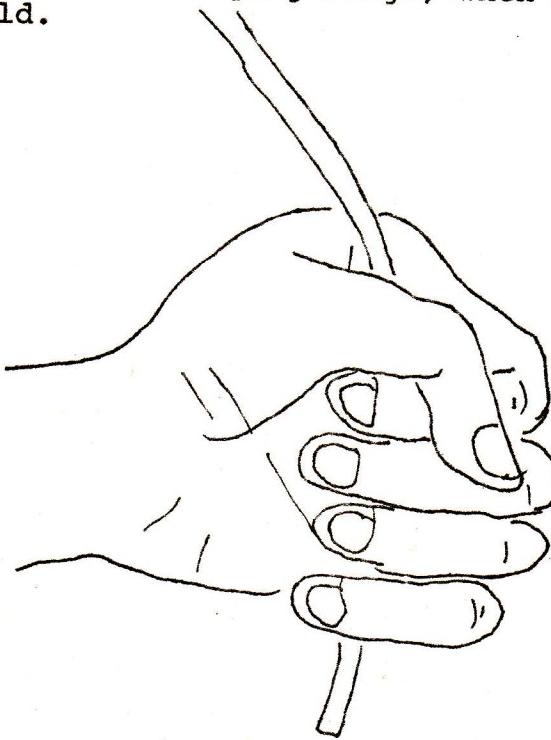
Camper Chris St. John breaks.  
(Photo by Brian Gross)



## COFFEE HOUSE

by Sharon Shafer

You enter what used to be the dining hall to "Love Me Do" by the Beatles. All around you, there are people wearing gypsy skirts and blouses and peace signs. A boy sitting on a table with a fake cigarette welcomes you in. "Peace, man. Make love, not war! " Where are you? Why, you're in the Buck's Rock 60's Coffee House, of course! For the next hour and a half, you will travel back in time to the era of the hippies--their philosophies and their music. You will hear people read their own writings (sometimes not their own), perform songs, and entertain you. You are served by the flower children waitresses--bug juice, pretzels, and potato chips--food fit for a king. Right?! You see some people swaying on the sides, some singing along. You feel as if you've left the world outside, until the gong rings, when you return to the real world.





Josh Draper and Judybeth Tropp  
perform at the 60's Coffee House.

Staff Photo



Al Shaefer reads his poems. Photo by Stuart Pudell



He and I  
I and He.  
We were us,  
and us were we.  
We had all,  
and all had us.  
Everything together,  
just the two of us.

--Kim Koehn



# TIME

by Peter Graff

He is a ferryman  
Greeting our souls  
From the glorious beginning.

Through this slow but brief life  
We travel.

He is an artist  
Painting sparkling images  
That flash quickly by.

Through the enveloping grey haze  
We travel.

A slow poison,  
He infects his disease,

Yet to knowledge,  
He holds the one key.

He is a scholar,  
He is a judge.

He is a ferryman  
Carrying our lives  
To their pitiful end.

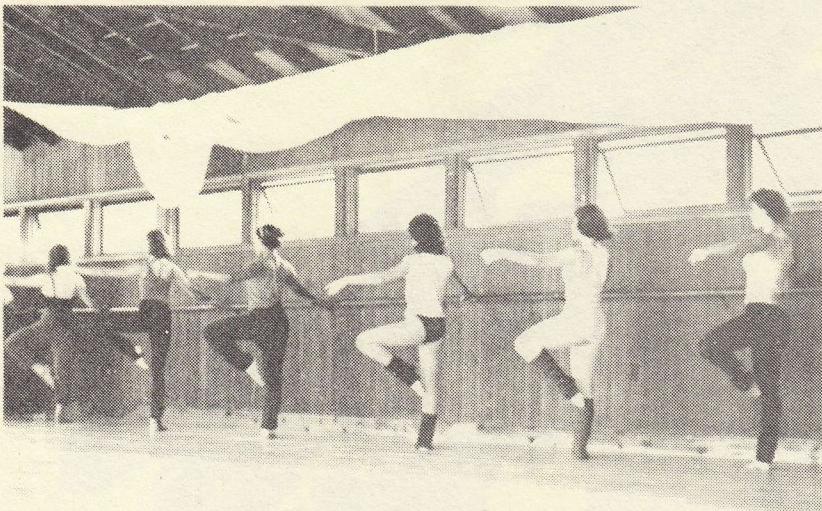


Photo by Deeni Mason

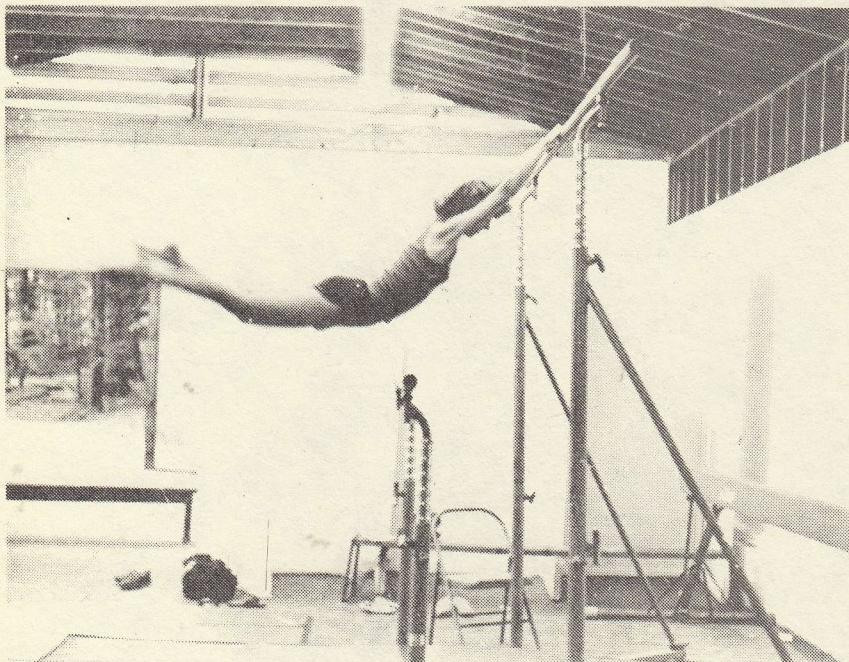
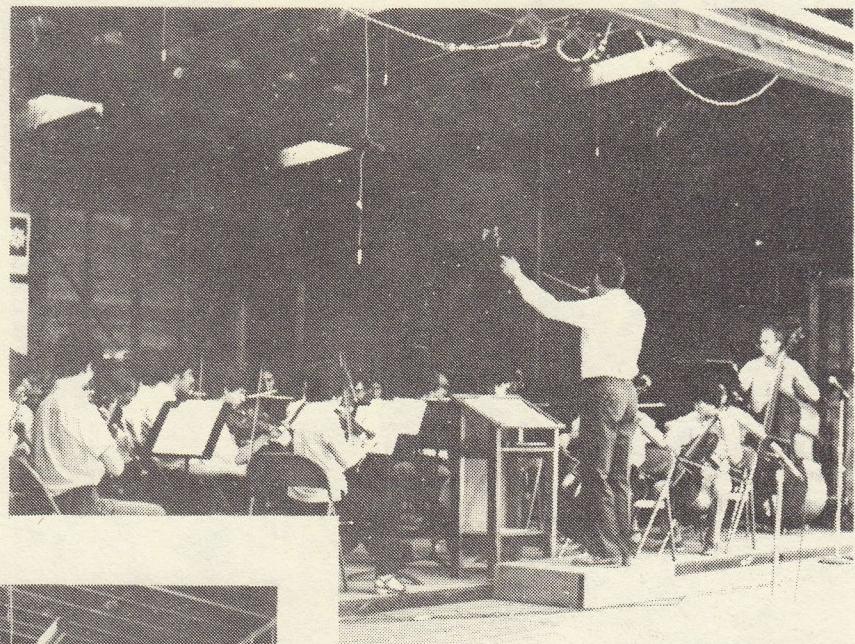


Photo by Brian Gross

Kelly Kniffin at gymnastics.  
Photo by Brian Gross



"A Rainy Manhattan Silhouette"

Photo by James Levine

# IN THE CIRCLE

by Sam Lipsyte

Rausch awakes an hour before his alarm is set to shriek. In its silence, the room is larger and cooler than ever before, and the white walls breathe in new air. He turns on his side and watches Sheila sleep. Her only leg hangs limp off the side of the bed. The flowered sheet winds tight like a turban around her stump. He scans the room and finds her "limb" leaning in a corner, mocking him, with its faded coat of murky peach-colored gloss and its broken knee-joint. Turning to the clock, Rausch watches the digits blur and melt into new numbers.

Rausch has dreamt of the circle again. He felt the eyes on him, sliding up and down his thick-muscled frame. He felt the shot, again, too, cold and hard against his flexed fingers. He loves the shot; it is round and heavy like him. When he throws it, it flies. When it lands, with a puff of dirt and a grunt from the ground, it is immovable again. Twelve pounds of silent steel.

Last night, Rausch stepped into his circle, with the shot high on his fingers. He walked slowly to the front, tapping his foot lightly on the toeboard. A turn and a step and he was at the back again. He edged his foot as close as it would go to the line of the circle without actually touching its shiny blue paint. Rausch bent over, shot tucked under the side of his chin, pausing. Suddenly he exploded out from the back, turning and twisting, ripping his free arm, whipping his hips, driving forward on his front foot. He extended his whole body outward, then his arm, then his hand, letting the shot spring hard and clean off his fingertips. Finally free, it rocketed, ate the air, until landing with a dull thud and a small crater about sixty feet away. As the official scurried over with a measuring tape, a small, jagged applause cut through the fat morning mist. Though he did not want to leave the circle, he did, out the back, careful not to foul on his exit.

It was after this that he had awakened before the alarm. The cool air and silence make him jumpy and he gets out of bed. He watches his nude body move in the mirror. He is still tall and bull-bodied, but also fat now. His flap hangs thick and semi-soft, a sunken tire around his waist. He sucks in his belly, but there is too much to

bring all the way in. Nonetheless, he struts across the room to bed and hovers over Sheila's sleeping face, trying to flex and harden the rusty, unused softness on his bones. Then he dresses and goes downstairs.

At first Rausch thinks it's the two fried eggs he had for breakfast that bounce in his stomach when the van hits a pot hole, but when it happens again, he knows better. His stomach pops a third and fourth time, his juices crash into his belly-walls, leaving a small, dull ache in his intestines. He smiles. Things look good, look right again.

On the lawns on either side of the street, barechested boys in bathing suits yank on the rip cords of snarling lawn mowers, then drag them across the grass. A lanky man scales a corner telephone pole, the morning sun glinting off a wrench that dangles from his leather tool belt.

When the high school comes into view, he slows down so he can see the sign at the entrance. Rausch grips the wheel tight when he reads it: "Welcome, old-timers."

Something hot and mean crawls up his throat.

He turns into a wide gravel road that leads down to a cinder track, which crouches at the foot of a hill below the school. Stick-legged men with grey hair take laps around the quarter mile track and trip over low hurdles. On a long, dry plain opposite the bleachers, large lopsided figures spin uneasily in the discus circle.

More heavy men lumber around a shot-put circle about a hundred feet away. A silver shot crosses Rausch's windshield in the distance, its landing obscured by broad backs. Rausch parks beside a battered Buick, gets out, and stretches.

"You Rausch?" asks a young, slim man, not looking up from his clipboard. He has a thin blonde mustache that curls down to the corners of his mouth.

"Yep."

"You can change over there in the clubhouse." He points to a squat brick building beside the bleachers.

"I know where it is."

"Of course. I guess you're not that old, huh?"

Rausch grabs his paper grocery bag and charges past the man with the clipboard. In the locker-room, middle-aged men are stretched out on long wooden benches, smearing liniment and heating creams into their flabby legs. Rausch clears a spot for himself on the bench between an

old man in red satin shorts and a baby-faced kid with an oil drum chest who is winding tape tightly around his wrist. It reminds Rausch of Sheila's stump. He turns to the kid.

"You a shot-putter?"

"No, I'm a jockey," he says, without smiling. Satin-shorts snorts.

"How far do you throw?" Rausch asks. Dumb-ass kid.

"About sixty-five."

A Rausch dream throw.

"Why are you throwing here?"

"I'm not. I'm leaving for the state qualifiers." The kid gets up, touches his toes, and leaves.

"Good luck," Rausch calls after him. You'll probably take it.

"Nice kid," says satin-shorts. He stands and leaves in the same direction, cheeks spilling out of the red satin.

Leaving the clubhouse, Rausch notices a small bearded man sitting near the door, knees pulled up to a sunken chest. His fish net tank top crawls into nylon shorts.

"Malone?"

"Rausch?"

"I thought..."

"Dead? You thought I was dead?" Malone grins.

Rausch takes a step back. "No, I thought you were sick. Sick."

Malone runs his hands over his calves. His legs are small and hairy and hard. He looks up. "I am."

"Well...ah...what do..."

"They don't know." Malone's voice quavers for a moment, then slides downward into a monotone groove. "Nobody knows how long I have." Malone's face sinks into his lap, but then shoots up suddenly, smiling. "Rausch, throw hard today, huh?" Now Malone is up, trotting away.

Rausch wanders over to the shot circle. As he lowers himself down into the pale grass, a dull black shot hovers in front of his face.

"Wanna warm up?" says a hairless soft form behind it.

"No, thanks. Not yet."

"Suit yourself," says the bald man.

Rausch moves to the bleachers and sits on the hard green splintery wood. As he tightens his shoe laces, a gravelly, unwanted voice spits from the stadium speakers.

"Welcome, Alumni, to Nearmont High's tenth annual Old-timer's Day." Pause. "Yep, I know what you're thinkin', boys. Coach Atley is still kickin'? Don't cha know it, now that you're listening to him? Take it easy out there, boys; I'm probably in better shape than you are now. We got ribbons for the top three in each event. Free beer and food for all competitors. Right now, we got first call for the shot-put and the 100 meter." Atley fades out with a deep slow chuckle.

A fleshy hand wraps around Rausch's shoulder. He turns and looks up into the face of Hill. Levi Hill looks old, but strong as hell. He's almost bald, except for a few greasy strands that spout magically from a shiny skull. The fuzzy fat on his arms jiggles and quakes on its own.

"Rausch," he says.

Rausch nods.

"You're lookin good, Rausch. You been working out?"

"A little."

Hill grins with long sloping teeth. "Good man."

Rausch begins to move away, but Hill catches his shorts. "You were a smart kid, weren't you? Honors. What happened?"

"I didn't do so bad."

Hill shrugs, tugging at the tee shirt under his tank top.

They sign in. Hill first, as always. "S. Rausch" is lost somewhere in the three-page list of shot-putters. Rausch knows only a few of them. A young kid with big hands stands with the end of the tape at the 35 foot mark. "Three warm-ups, then we start," says the man with the curling mustache.

Rausch looks for his coach for final instructions and then remembers being at his funeral five years ago. He snatches a shot off the ground.

Rausch enters the circle for his first warm-up. He steps daintily over the painted line and stands still, staring out from the center. He crouches low and explodes out, punching the steel ball past the 40 foot mark. The boy with the big hands whistles, and Rausch steps over the toe-board to retrieve the shot.

Rausch decides to glide. He drives out fast from the back, but lands off balance, throwing falling away, with

only his arm to push the shot. Lime swirls at the 35 foot mark.

In line for his third warm-up, Rausch smiles at the bald man who stands in front of him.

"That was a great punch before, but your glide was off," says the bald man. "No torque. About how far did you throw in high school?"

"58 feet, 9 3/4 inches."

"That's pretty far for way back then. How about college?"

"I didn't go."

"Oh."

It's the bald man's turn, and he steps into the circle, still facing Rausch.

"You weren't offered any scholarships or anything?" he asks.

"Yes, I was."

"Oh."

Rausch's third warm-up is the greatest throw of his life. He is a blur on that throw; his hips turn at the speed of light. He doesn't feel the shot leave his hand. It lands close to the sixty-foot mark.

The crowd chokes on their gasps. A throw like that is rare for an 18 year old. Impossible for 45. People whisper. Laurie Hill slaps Rausch in the gut.

Rausch doesn't listen to instructions. They're the same as always. Three throws a piece, no finals. In a tie, the next best throw is used. If you did not enter through and leave through the back, it was a foul. If any part of your body touched the line of the circle or beyond or anywhere but the inside of the toeboard, it was a foul. Good luck.

Rausch is in the third and final flight of throwers. He climbs to a grassy knoll above the circle and waits.

He watches Lance Hill enter the circle. Lance Hill. Rausch never beat him. Not once. Rausch feels a tap on his back. He turns around, and the hard rubber tip of Sheila's crutch catches him lightly in the ribs. She looks good, even without her leg. She wears a long denim skirt and a sleeveless blouse. Her sandy gray hair hangs long and still, like a behaving animal, from her pearish head. She squints in the sun.

"Where's your leg?" asks Rausch. "your limb?"

"I left it home," says Sheila. Her mouth tightens. "I took a bus. It's a little hard to use with its knee joint broken, don't you think?"

Rausch looks off to the track, watching the lazy strides of a fading runner.

"I need a new limb." Sheila brushes his knuckles with her fingers.

"They're so goddamn expensive," says Rausch, shrugging small.

"I'm aware of that. But I have to move, don't I? As well as possible?"

"You move now."

"This isn't moving."

"Okay, you're right. Fine." Rausch grabs her crutches. "Let's sit down."

They lower themselves into the thick grass. In the corner of Rausch's eye, Hill steps into the circle for his first throw.

"When do you throw?" Sheila stops the sun with her palm.

"Soon."

"Will you win?"

"I don't know."

Hill doesn't have his old strength or speed, but he still has bulk and technique. It lands around the 45 foot line. I can take him, thinks Rausch. Finally. He lies back and shuts his eyes, though he can still feel Sheila and the sun watching him.

It is Rausch's time to throw. Hill's best was 46 feet 3 inches. His second was a weak 40, his last.

The second flight had produced two throws in the high fifties. Rausch is third in his flight. He begins to warm up, to stretch.

After two throwers under thirty, Rausch is called to the circle. He enters slowly. He bends and glides, exploding when he feels his feet land, rotating his hips, driving outward. It is a good throw, but his momentum carries him over the toeboard and into the dirt just as the shot lands.

"Foul! No mark!" shouts the official. Rausch steps out of circle, disoriented, but not surprised.

"Tough luck," someone says.

"Still got two more," he says to Sheila, climbing towards her on the little hill.

"Don't worry," Sheila replies. "It's your time now. I feel it." She has begun to smile again. "Do you want me to go down there with you?"

"No. Stay up here, okay?"

"How come?" She asks, a little hurt.

Rausch is down the hill for his second throw before he can answer.

Bending for the second throw, something happens. He can't concentrate on the things he wants to--pulling his free arm around, driving with his legs, extending his body. Instead, images crash and pile like auto wrecks in his brain. He remembers himself almost thirty years younger, in the state high school championships. He was the favorite by then. An old, often-seen movie flickers in Rausch's head: Rausch glides. Rausch falls. Rausch screams. He clutches his ankle, which swells fast and dark, like bruised fruit. It's funny, thinks Rausch as he prepares to throw, I was never hurt again. Never. Not even a hangnail. But it didn't matter.

Rausch fouls again. He didn't even realize his throw was over by the time the memory finally faded. He stepped over the toeboard instead of leaving out the back. He sighs and moves back to Sheila.

"Maybe I should really come down there with you." Her voice has a strange nervous edge.

"NO! I said no before, didn't I?!" Rausch screams. He falls to his knees and begins to pull clumps of grass and dirt from the hill.

Sheila tenses. "What're you doing?" She drags herself away from her husband, her stump flowing smoothly through the grass, leaving a green wake of pressed turf.

"I'm sorry!" Rausch screams, standing. "Don't go, please."

Sheila looks around. Nobody is staring at them. Nobody has noticed. She stops and looks up at Rausch, straining her mouth with a smile. She is still, then begins to crawl towards him.

"Sheila..." Rausch says softly, but he stops. He feels something, his blood. It's swimming quick and hard through his veins. He suddenly feels incredibly strong, incredibly fast.

"Stan...?" says Sheila. But he is gone.

Rausch is in the circle even before his name has been called. He tries to keep his thoughts caged this time, but the images keep spinning out. The movie flickers again. After the accident, the insurance representative had babbled on about unmailed premiums and driver negligence, but Rausch had long since tuned out. He was unable to shake an image of the baby and Sheila's leg floating downstream away from the sunken blue Chevy, never to be seen again.

Then there was his visit to her hospital room, after the operation. He had arranged his chair so that he could see her only from the waist up. Rausch blinks. He is in the circle again. As always. Sheila is watching from the knoll. Lance Hill is a few feet away, arms crossed, sneering. I have to do something, thinks Rausch. Something. In the circle.

He drives out from the back quick and hard, and his hips snap like rubber bands. He knows it will be beautiful. But at the last moment, as he pushes out with his shoulder and arm, something saps his strength, something holds him back. He follows through nicely, though, and does not foul.

The official reads the mark from the tape measure. 46 feet, 3 inches. He climbs the hill once more, sitting a few feet from Sheila.

"I thought you could do more." She smiles sadly.

"So did I. But I could still place. I could still get a ribbon."

"Of course."

In silence they watch the rest of the competition. When it is over, the big-handed boy runs the results to the P.A. system. Atley's vocal grit blends smoothly with the pop and crackle of bad amplification. "Well, boys, here's the shot-put results. All you big guys can go chow down now." Damn you, Atley, get on with it. "In third place, with a throw of 40 feet, 2 inches...Lance Hill. In second place...."

Confused, Rausch looks for the official, who has already found him. "There was a tie, Mr. Rausch. Between you and Mr. Hill. You both threw 46 feet, 3 inches. We had to go to the next best throw. He had a forty, you had two fouls. It was a tough meet, Mr. Rausch; hope you'll be back next year."

Rausch storms for the clubhouse after telling Sheila

to wait at the van. Inside old men pant at their lockers, lost expressions on their faces. He is in and out in less than three minutes. Opening the van door, his eyes move to the track. It is the two mile. Malone is in last place, breathing hard, stumbling. Finally he falls to all fours. Knees bleeding, he rises quickly and keeps running. Stay down, Malone, thinks Rausch. Don't kill yourself.

Driving the van back, Rausch hits another pothole, but this time his belly doesn't pop; it just hangs limp over his belt. He turns to Sheila.

"I almost placed," he says finally, in a voice without breath.

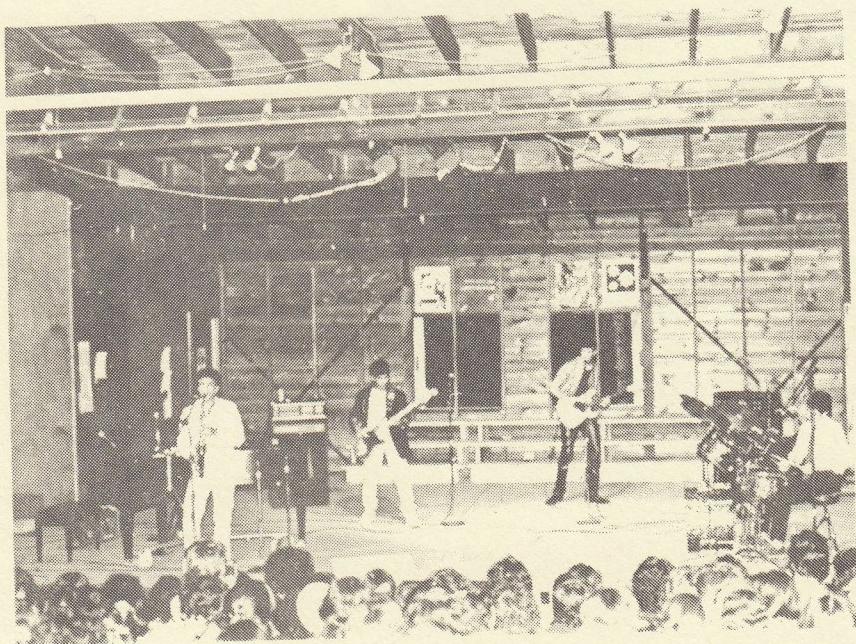
"I know," Sheila replies. She smooths down the denim around her stump.



Adam Rudner, the fastest Buck's  
Rocker at the New Milford 8.  
Photo by Craig Frisch



Photo by Brian Gross



"Romance", a.k.a. The Greasers,  
Robert Kuropatwa, Jason  
DeSalvo, Billy Erlichman, and  
Brett Fishman.

Photo by Brian Gross

matters of moment  
moments of matter  
matters of moment  
moments of matter

(matters of moment)

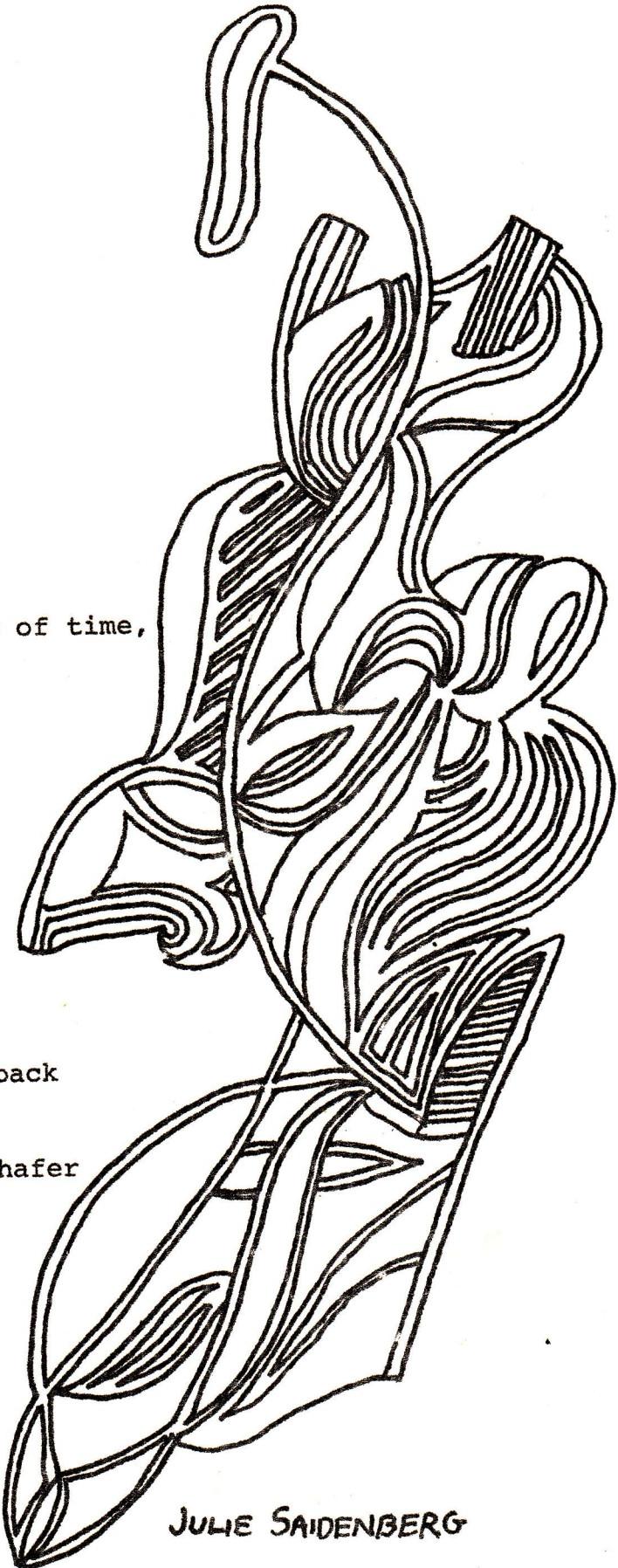
Matters of moment,  
our past flies by, like waves of time,  
wearing memories  
like a suit of armor.

Consequences--  
the past and the future  
binding together  
like links of a chain.

Reasons of our existence  
Wrapped in packages  
of brightly-lit colors  
swirling overhead--  
a kaleidoscope.

Time--  
carries us both forward and back  
so we can know and recognize  
Moments of matter.

--Sharon Shafer



JULIE SAIDENBERG

Did they really matter--these moments of summer? Will the experiences we shared during the last two months have more than passing significance? As we leave Buck's Rock and return to our homes, our schools, our communities, do we take with us any new awareness or insight? Have our attitudes--toward ourselves, toward others--changed? Was Buck's Rock '84 a matter of moment or a mere moment of matter?

We hope your experiences this summer were significant ones. As always, we tried to offer you real choices and to provide you with the tools and equipment to take full advantage of those choices. You worked one-on-one with recognized artists, writers, and performers and shared your dreams and your visions with them. You used the summer to explore untried areas and to discover new talents and skills.

Certainly, your accomplishments suggest that you used your time wisely. Wherever one turned , were it to our farms, our playing fields, our performing areas, our shops, one sensed a commitment, a dedication to the endeavor in progress. The results--David and Lisa, Dance Night, the Pops Concert, Walrus, Avatar, this yearbook, the Animal Show, the Veggie Farm dinners, the tennis trophies, the paintings, sculptures, jewelry, pottery, textile, wood, and printmaking projects--to name just a few, were evidence of the variety and ambitiousness of your undertakings. While your experiences may not as yet suggest a career to follow, they may at least point to several directions you might wish to explore.

As we began the summer we stressed the importance of creativity at Buck's Rock. We told you that creativity involved not so much what you did as how you did it. Our instructors encouraged you to take chances, even if doing so occasionally meant running the risk of failure. By now we know that many of you are better aware of your capabilities and your potential and that you recognize that few things in life are impossible. The impossible, as we noted at the outset of summer, may simply be that which has not yet been attempted.

A summer at Buck's Rock cannot be quantified, and so it would be a mistake for you or your parents to measure its worth solely in terms of the number of projects you

completed. At Buck's Rock we value the joy of work and the spirit of working together as much as we do the products they generate. Of course you should feel proud to come home with a walnut bowl, a glazed pot, silver earrings, a batik or two, and several boxes of stationery. But as important as the many "things" you take home are the new skills you have acquired and the new respect you have gained for the work involved in any endeavor that is truly worth the undertaking.

Many boys and girls come away from a summer at Buck's Rock with a better sense of who they are and of where they fit in the universe. As you pursued your interests you no doubt felt pleased with some of your achievements and disappointed that others were not as successful as you would have liked them to be. But out of all this came an awareness of possibilities and a desire to continue to learn, to develop, and to grow. What particularly pleased us this summer was how you picked up on the spirit of Buck's Rock and how quickly you realized that here you don't have to be the best and that here you don't have to fear failure. The quest is what matters.

At times our world appears to be brutal and absurd, indifferent to our hopes and dreams and insensitive to our longings. There are some who say that nothing is permanent anymore, that inconstancy is the only constant. We have tried to make Buck's Rock an exception to that rule. Constant here is the respect for the worth of each individual. Constant is the trust that we place in each other, a trust without which a camp such as ours could not operate. And constant are the strong friendships that are formed, summer after summer, as we live together, and share our moments of joy and sadness together. Long after all else has been forgotten, you may find that the friends you made will be the most lasting things you acquired at Buck's Rock this summer.

Did they all really matter--these moments of summer? Each of you must find his or her own answers to the question. But this much is certain. We came to this place, young and old, frightened and confident, artists and writers and actors and musicians and athletes and farmers and craftsmen and dancers and technicians. For two months we lived, worked, and played together in an environment devoted to creating rather than destroying, cooperating rather than competing, persuading rather than compelling. We produced objects of great beauty in our shops, we created moments of magic on our stages, we worked the soil and tended our flock, we

engaged in sport, we entertained each other, we grew to understand, admire, and even love each other. If such achievements matter--and we think they do--then, indeed, the summer of '84 was a summer of moment.

*Tom and Sybil*



## "...and turning, turning, we come round right..."

At Buck's Rock we are all "members of the wedding," of the Carnival, of the Enterprise to fill and stretch the spaces of our potential.

Some times we have major roles and stand in a spotlight. And some times we are in the audience, enjoying and applauding.

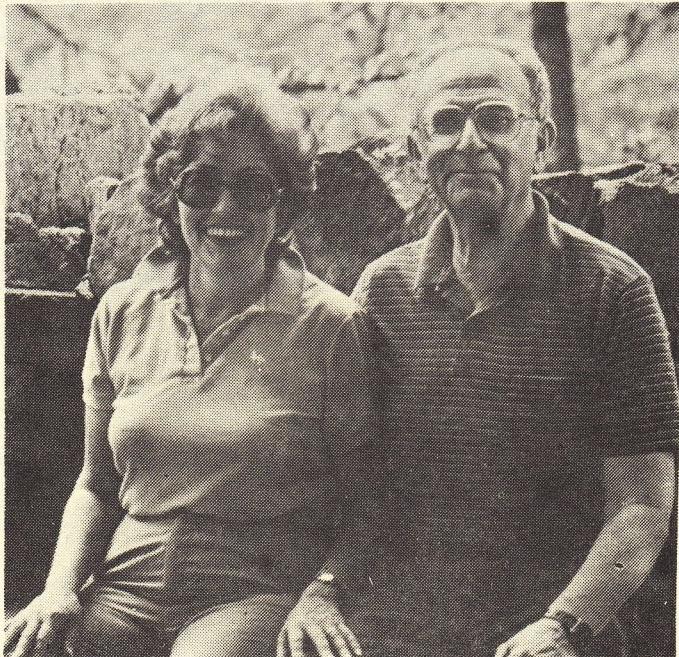
And the Gong rings--and the wheel of activities changes. We move from the pitcher's mound, or the microphone, or the mimeograph, or from the sidelines--and slip easily into new positions at an easel, potter's wheel, furnace, loom, or workbench.

And the Gong rings--the kaleidoscope of activities changes again. The stages, farms, science, or nature may engage us. We work at individual projects or in groups--and move freely from one to another.

We observe our fellow campers and the staff and the variety of their interests and projects. We endorse and support everyone's efforts at creativity and self-development. We are patient with everyone's trials and errors. We share pleasure, pride, and camaraderie in the large and small accomplishments--everyone else's and our own.

--Irwin and Roberta Berger

*Irwin & Roberta*



## Matters of Moment. Moments that Matter.

All moments matter. But there are some moments that illuminate, moments that throw a shining light on the matter of the moment.

Socrates has said: "The unexamined life is not worth living" but - we may have to add - the examined life may be impossible to live for more than a few moments at a time. And yet these may be the moments that matter, these may be the matters of moment.

T.S. Eliot wrote: "Between the idea and the reality falls the shadow." We may add: Between the idea and reality shines the light. "Between the conception and the creation falls the shadow." Between the conception and the creation shines the light.

Shadow and Light. There cannot be light without a shadow, there is no shadow where there is not light. They belong together, light and shadow are complementary. They extinguish each other, they create each other. Contradiction? To become aware that where there is light, there is shadow, where there is shadow there must be light. That sudden awareness can be a moment that matters. To live with opposites is living with matters of moment.

Contradictions that complement each other. We have called Buck's Rock a creative work camp. But what is creativity but lifelong attempts to reconcile contradictions, to harmonize opposites, to unite the incompatible?

Matters of Moment. Moments that matter.

We lived this summer a life of action. We live lives of action. Life implies action. But we also have to live with our reactions to action. When we become aware of the instances when our actions and reactions encounter each other, then we live through matters of moment, they become moments that matter.

We met and meet the expected, we met and meet the unexpected. Where the expected and the unexpected converge and collide, these are the matters of moment, these are the moments that matter.

The obvious and the hidden! The hidden stands revealed, the obvious is questioned. Where revelations and questions contend, such encounters are the matters of moment, they are the moments that matter.

Inspirations and gratifications may cross. These meetings can become the matters of moment, the moments that matter.

Faith and doubt may make your heart and soul their battle-ground. When they urge judgement and decision on you, these may become matters of moment, moments that matter.

The points at which decisiveness and hesitancy, firmness of purpose and vagueness ask for a decision, these are matters of moment, they may become moments that matter.

When complacency and discontent make their presence felt simultaneously, they become matters of moment, moments that matter.

When the roads that promise to lead to happiness seem to diverge and each road beckons and summons you, you sense that the decision which road to follow will lead to moments that matter, become a matter of moment.

At times, we experience confidence that we can influence the course of events and write the history of the future. At other times, we despair because we think that the forces that shape our future are beyond our control, that they are at work, independent of us and of our efforts. Where the lines of confidence and despair cross, these are the times of self-examination when moments matter, these become the matters of moment.

When the drive for survival and the courage of sacrifice become irreconcilable, they have become matters of moment, these are the moments that matter.

When tradition and originality reach a point where they are implacably opposed, asking for a resolution in one direction or the other, these are matters of moment, where moments matter.

Where matters of moment vie for supremacy over moments that

matter, a solution may be most difficult but also most enlightening to arrive at.

Where the desire for peace and the threat of war ask us to act, there arises that matter of moment, there arise moments that matter.

Where is the resolution when, at one moment, the real and the ideal, the worldly life and the artistic life conflict and clash head on?

#### Matters of Moment! Moments that Matter!

The cosmos itself may contract and expand, may be forced to endlessly create itself and endlessly destruct itself by the clash between matter and anti-matter. Cosmic matters not of moment but of infinity. And we, the witnesses. Perchance the only witnesses.

#### Matters of Moment.

You named your book aptly. The title points to all that lies ahead, to all that has passed. It implies achievement and frustration, endings and beginnings. It speaks of the endless repetition of expansion and contraction. It encompasses the privileges and obligations of human beings who are both observers and solution. It speaks for all human beings who live in the midst of contradictions, sustained by the lights of hope, spurred by the passion to know, faced with a past that is gone and future not yet born, inheritors of great achievements, inspired by the thoughts of all that lies ahead. It speaks for all of us who live in a universe that remains unaware of us but that we try to explore, still quite ignorant but anxious to know more about it, anxious to know more about ourselves, not sure how we fit in but hard at work, each in his and her fashion, to solve the riddles, the paradoxes that face us.

Matters of Moment. By choosing this title for your yearbook, you emphasized the importance of making choices, of arriving at decisions at critical points. We hope that the summer at Buck's Rock will have made it easier for you to do so in years to come. You may have found out more things about yourselves and about others, about what you can do, about how others see you and how you see others. Add the new knowledge to the

store of knowledge you already possess and remember your life,  
everybody's life is a great adventure, unique and unrepeatable.

Our good wishes accompany you on the road that lies ahead.  
Matters of Moment! Moments that will Matter!

--Ernst and Ilse Bulova

*Ernst and Ilse*



Nora Daniel, Editor-in-Chief  
Nicholas Kaufmann, Co-Editor

ART AND DESIGN	PHOTOGRAPHY	PRODUCTION
Co-Editors: Kate Lebow Jill Rosenberg	Editor: Brian Gross	Editor: Amy Rule
Associate Editor: Roger Bailey	PHOTOGRAPHERS Marc Boegner Robert Brant Chris Dicke Andrew Feigin Mark Fenton Craig Frisch Brian Goldberg Saul Goldstein Brian Gross Liz Kaltman Todd Katzner Ajay Khashu James Levine Carol Markowitz Deeni Mason Lori Nelson Stuart Pudell	Gregory Baron Melissa Bernstein Ellyn Blau Daisy Colchie Nora Daniel Seth Diamond Chris Dicke Matthew Dicke Ethan Goodman Brian Gross Shana Hack Rani Harrington Linda Jaffe Isabell Kaplan Mike Katz Nicholas Kaufmann Rebecca Kislay B. Alexander Kolba Kate Lebow Golan Levin Hope Lovell Carol Markowitz Jonathan Nowitz
ART AND LAYOUT	Collation Editors: Adam Rudner Daniel Schlosser	John Porter Stuart Pudell Alissa Quart Rachel Radway Danny Rockoff Adam Rudner Amy Rule Brian Sachs Sharon Shafer Kell Simon Lisa Tanabe Amy Vernon Alex Veselov Daniel Volchok Alessandro Weiss Leslie Werthamer Mary Ida Zamore
Roger Bailey Tom Beattie David Berne Melissa Bernstein Ellyn Blau Nora Daniel Seth Dinnerman Josh Draper Mark Fenton Daniel Getzoff Danielle Goodman Sandy Grossman Nancy Hirsch Sarah Jonas Leslie Kantor Nicholas Kaufmann B. Alexander Kolba Kate Lebow Golan Levin Mari Nowitz Jonathan Poe John Porter Jill Rosenberg Sharon Shafer Zachary Shrag Pam Sternfels Carrie Zaslow	COVER: Nora Daniel	

Alessandro Weiss, Writing Editor  
Sharon Shafer, Co-Editor, Writing

WRITERS

Joe Ashear	Peter Graff	Carol Markowitz
Ashley	Nancy Gray	Moira McClintock
Jenny Lyn Bader	Laurin Grollman	Metal Shop CIT's
Roger Bailey	Amanda Gross	Lydia G. Neuman
Abby Barr	Guitar Workshop	Bobby Newman
Jill Berman	Shana Hack	Julie Peyton
Melissa Bernstein	Dan Herzberg	Steven Pudell
Rachel Biederman	Mike Hurwitz	Alissa Quart
Ellyn Blau	Sarah Jonas	Adam Reisman
Doug Cohn	Ariel Kaminer	Danny Rockoff
Daisy Colchie	Isabelle Kaplan	Adam Rudner
Evie Cooper	Nicholas Kaufmann	Amy Rule
Caroline Cuevas	Rebecca Kislak	Danny Schlosser
Nora Daniel	Kim Koehn	Sharon Shafer
David Danzig	B. Alexander Kolba	Brett Singer
Josh Draper	Sarah Koplin	Andrea Sklower
Sarah Durham	Seth Koplin	Debbie Soloman
Heather Ehrlich	Peter Kramer	Jennifer Taub
Rebecca Eppenstein	Rachel C. Lapidus	Robbie Tewlow
Sam Farmer	Kate Lebow	Amy Vernon
Andrew Feigin	Daniella Lednicer	Daniel Volchok
Kathy Fradkin	Golan Levin	Michael Volchok
Jimmy Frank	Sam Lipsyte	Sandro Weiss
Craig Frisch	The LSD Crew	Rob Wetstone
Julie Fromer	Simeon Manber	Simone Williams
Nancy Furman	Jessica Mann	Steve Williams
Jay Golland	Rachel Mann	Mary Ida Zamore

Robert L. Dicke, Jr., Coordinator

ADVISORS

LITERARY

Richard Elliott  
Lisa Greenstein  
Peter Meyers  
Laura Miller  
Allison Thompson  
Beatrix Volchok

LAYOUT AND DESIGN

Bryan Blas  
Caroline Page

PRODUCTION

Laura Auerbach  
Bob Dicke  
Bobby Feigin  
Marko Flys  
Karen Hack

PHOTOGRAPHY

James Gordon  
Cindy Kerr  
Maurice Mizrahi  
Christel Schepers

CIT ASSISTANTS

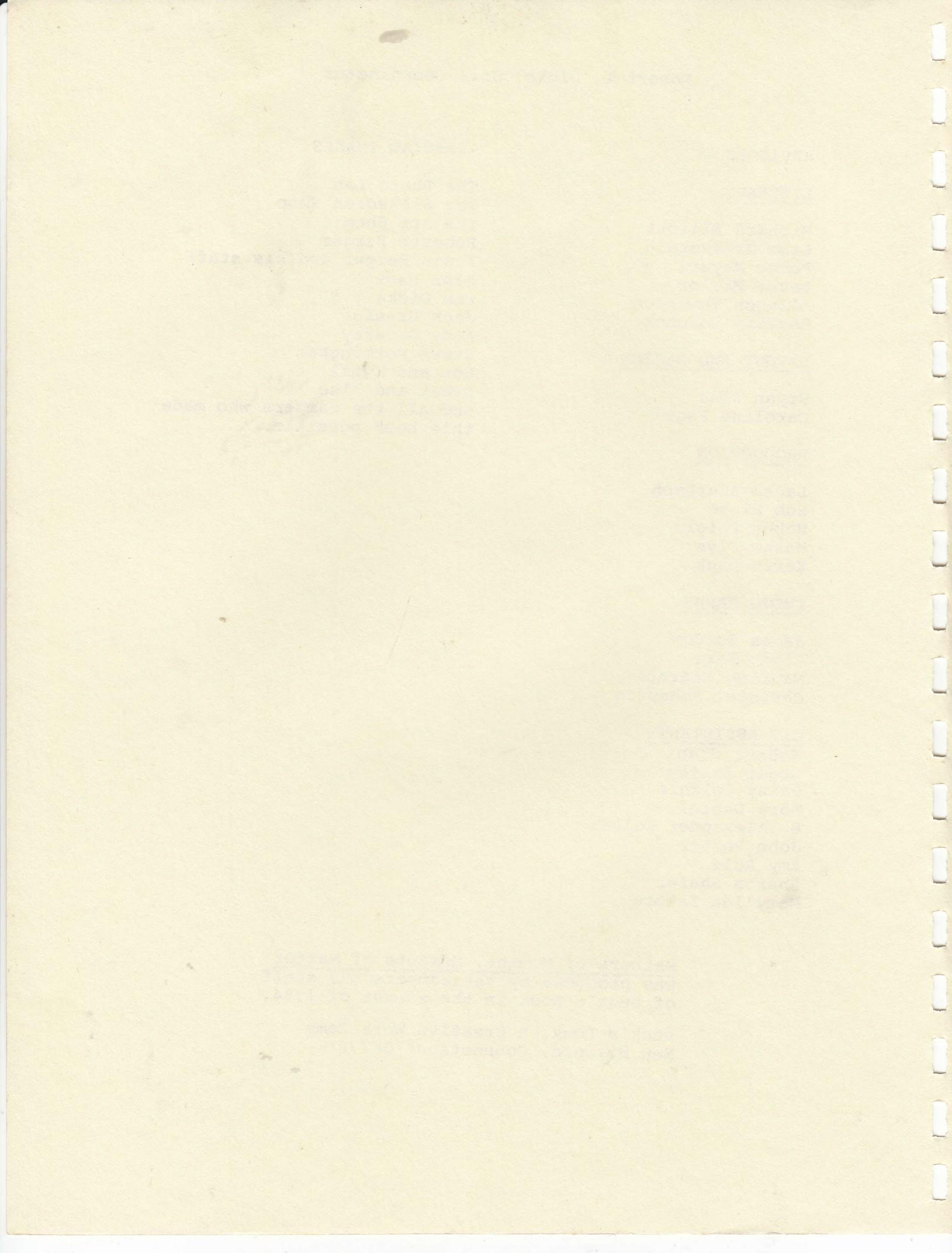
Robert Brant  
Roger Bailey  
Daisy Colchie  
Nora Daniel  
B. Alexander Kolba  
John Porter  
Amy Rule  
Sharon Shafer  
Mary Ida Zamore

SPECIAL THANKS

The Photo Lab  
The Silkscreen Shop  
The Art Shop  
Roberta Berger  
Irwin Berger and his staff  
Alan Hack  
Pam Dicke  
Jack Gresko  
Andy Gruskay  
Steve Nottingham  
Lou and Sybil  
Ernst and Ilse  
and all the campers who made  
this book possible.

Matters of Moment, Moments of Matter  
was produced by the campers and staff  
of Buck's Rock in the summer of 1984.

Buck's Rock, A Creative Work Camp  
New Milford, Connecticut 06776



AUTOGRAPHS AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH  
AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH

AUTOGRAPHS AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH  
AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH  
AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH AUTOGRAPH

